

# Representative of His Majesty Is Warmly Welcomed by the Capital City of Alberta

His Excellency, the Duke of Devonshire, Governor General of Canada, is the guest of the city of Edmonton for two days and the capital of Alberta is giving a noteworthy entertainment to the representative of the Throne. The program arranged for Friday was carried through without a hitch and all the arrangements worked to perfection. The weather continued to be superb and the crisp fall air, and bright Alberta sunlight, added greatly to the success of the occasion.

The Governor General, for his part, is evidently enjoying his trip and especially his visit to Edmonton. It is not a hasty business with him, to be gone through with as a disagreeable necessity and to be finished as soon as possible. The Duke is taking a keen and genuine interest in this great north land and its principal city and the eagerness with which he examines the typical objects which he meets and the many questions which he asks of his guides and the shrewd comments which he offers show that he is taking a real pleasure and interest in the visit.

A Busy Day  
Friday was a busy day for the Vice-Royal and his party. From the time of his arrival at about a quarter of nine in the morning, until the end of the state dinner at Governor General House at about a quarter of nine, he was constantly on his feet. He was welcomed by the Mayor, Mr. J. H. McLeod, and the members of the city council. He then proceeded to the Hotel Macdonald, where he was met by the members of the city council and the members of the provincial legislature. He then proceeded to the Hotel Macdonald, where he was met by the members of the city council and the members of the provincial legislature.

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## TRAIL PROTESTS STRONGLY AGAINST ITALIAN DISPATCH REGARDING WORKER'S STRIKE

Men Struck, Resolution Declares, on Account of Labor Disputes—Presenting themselves for Examination by Draft Tribunals—Trail Banks Third in Province in Contributions to Patriotic Fund

NELSON, B.C. Nov. 16.—At a special meeting of the Trail board of trade tonight a resolution protesting against the Italian dispatch of a dispatch from the Italian government regarding the strike of the men of the Trail railway was adopted. The resolution declares that the men of the Trail railway are not on strike, but are on a strike of sympathy for the men of the Trail railway. The resolution also declares that the men of the Trail railway are not on strike, but are on a strike of sympathy for the men of the Trail railway.

## FIGHT FOR LIFE WITH PACK OF HUNGRY WOLVES

Dog Team Driver's Thrilling Experience in the Mc-Murray District

BRUTES RAVENOUS  
BY LACK OF RABBITS

Fears That Big Game Will Suffer as Never Before

Special to the Bulletin.  
PORT MORTIMER, Alta., Nov. 16.—Several packs of hungry wolves are hunting throughout this district, which means a real risk of life to the deer and elk. The wolves are being driven to this district by the lack of food in the mountains. The wolves are being driven to this district by the lack of food in the mountains.

His Excellency the Duke of Devonshire.

Today's Program  
10 A.M.—General tour of the city of Edmonton. 11 A.M.—Lunch at Governor General House. 12 P.M.—Visit to the Hotel Macdonald. 1 P.M.—Visit to the Hotel Macdonald. 2 P.M.—Visit to the Hotel Macdonald.

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## Intense Activity of Artillery on the Whole British Battle Front

Official Dispatch Last Night Shows Especially Violent in Region of Paschenale—Allies Rushing Troops and Material to Italy—Reinforcements Marching Into Appointed Places in the Scheme of Defence—British and French Soldiers Are in High Spirits

LONDON, Nov. 16.—Intense artillery activity on the British front in France and Belgium occurred today, according to the war office announcement tonight. The communication follows: "There has been intense activity during today on both sides of the battlefront, particularly in the neighborhood of Paschenale. Our patrols brought in a few prisoners. On the remainder of the front there is nothing of special interest to report."

LONDON, Nov. 16.—The British correspondent according to Italian headquarters, in a dispatch dated Thursday says: "Allied reinforcements are reaching Italy daily in increasing numbers. To save waiting for trains on the congested railways some French troops have been brought across the Alps through the snow-covered passes. The Allied troops are marching steadily forward to their appointed places in the Italian scheme of defence, unexpectedly counter-attacked the enemy."

Both the British and French troops are in high spirits. They are delighted at the change in scene and over the prospect of a new campaign. The Daily Mail's correspondent at Italian headquarters under date of Friday, tells of the grave difficulties which the Allies are encountering in the mountain frontier, where the Italian troops are being reinforced by the French and British troops. The Italian troops are being reinforced by the French and British troops.

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For economy buy the full weight 1-lb. size.

(Continued from Page One.)

You can get Nature in Nature's Own Way, and in an easy, two-line formula, way keep the elements of life to be for perfect health and eternal salvation too, bright, healthy people testify to its results.

Write your name on request of Mrs. Strathroy, Ont. writer—this opportunity of testifying to the merits of the J. R. L. Cascade have been using it now for a year, with satisfaction. I am a middle-aged woman, but say health is so improved that I can do anything I desire. I am free at liberty to give my address to anyone, and I am willing to write to anyone inquiring to see me to write to me, or to send me a copy of the book.

Just read, Miss R. Edwards, Hospital Circular, 1005-1006, 1007, 1008, 1009, 1010, 1011, 1012, 1013, 1014, 1015, 1016, 1017, 1018, 1019, 1020, 1021, 1022, 1023, 1024, 1025, 1026, 1027, 1028, 1029, 1030, 1031, 1032, 1033, 1034, 1035, 1036, 1037, 1038, 1039, 1040, 1041, 1042, 1043, 1044, 1045, 1046, 1047, 1048, 1049, 1050, 1051, 1052, 1053, 1054, 1055, 1056, 1057, 1058, 1059, 1060, 1061, 1062, 1063, 1064, 1065, 1066, 1067, 1068, 1069, 1070, 1071, 1072, 1073, 1074, 1075, 1076, 1077, 1078, 1079, 1080, 1081, 1082, 1083, 1084, 1085, 1086, 1087, 1088, 1089, 1090, 1091, 1092, 1093, 1094, 1095, 1096, 1097, 1098, 1099, 1100, 1101, 1102, 1103, 1104, 1105, 1106, 1107, 1108, 1109, 1110, 1111, 1112, 1113, 1114, 1115, 1116, 1117, 1118, 1119, 1120, 1121, 1122, 1123, 1124, 1125, 1126, 1127, 1128, 1129, 1130, 1131, 1132, 1133, 1134, 1135, 1136, 1137, 1138, 1139, 1140, 1141, 1142, 1143, 1144, 1145, 1146, 1147, 1148, 1149, 1150, 1151, 1152, 1153, 1154, 1155, 1156, 1157, 1158, 1159, 1160, 1161, 1162, 1163, 1164, 1165, 1166, 1167, 1168, 1169, 1170, 1171, 1172, 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176, 1177, 1178, 1179, 1180, 1181, 1182, 1183, 1184, 1185, 1186, 1187, 1188, 1189, 1190, 1191, 1192, 1193, 1194, 1195, 1196, 1197, 1198, 1199, 1200, 1201, 1202, 1203, 1204, 1205, 1206, 1207, 1208, 1209, 1210, 1211, 1212, 1213, 1214, 1215, 1216, 1217, 1218, 1219, 1220, 1221, 1222, 1223, 1224, 1225, 1226, 1227, 1228, 1229, 1230, 1231, 1232, 1233, 1234, 1235, 1236, 1237, 1238, 1239, 1240, 1241, 1242, 1243, 1244, 1245, 1246, 1247, 1248, 1249, 1250, 1251, 1252, 1253, 1254, 1255, 1256, 1257, 1258, 1259, 1260, 1261, 1262, 1263, 1264, 1265, 1266, 1267, 1268, 1269, 1270, 1271, 1272, 1273, 1274, 1275, 1276, 1277, 1278, 1279, 1280, 1281, 1282, 1283, 1284, 1285, 1286, 1287, 1288, 1289, 1290, 1291, 1292, 1293, 1294, 1295, 1296, 1297, 1298, 1299, 1300, 1301, 1302, 1303, 1304, 1305, 1306, 1307, 1308, 1309, 1310, 1311, 1312, 1313, 1314, 1315, 1316, 1317, 1318, 1319, 1320, 1321, 1322, 1323, 1324, 1325, 1326, 1327, 1328, 1329, 1330, 1331, 1332, 1333, 1334, 1335, 1336, 1337, 1338, 1339, 1340, 1341, 1342, 1343, 1344, 1345, 1346, 1347, 1348, 1349, 1350, 1351, 1352, 1353, 1354, 1355, 1356, 1357, 1358, 1359, 1360, 1361, 1362, 1363, 1364, 1365, 1366, 1367, 1368, 1369, 1370, 1371, 1372, 1373, 1374, 1375, 1376, 1377, 1378, 1379, 1380, 1381, 1382, 1383, 1384, 1385, 1386, 1387, 1388, 1389, 1390, 1391, 1392, 1393, 1394, 1395, 1396, 1397, 1398, 1399, 1400, 1401, 1402, 1403, 1404, 1405, 1406, 1407, 1408, 1409, 1410, 1411, 1412, 1413, 1414, 1415, 1416, 1417, 1418, 1419, 1420, 1421, 1422, 1423, 1424, 1425, 1426, 1427, 1428, 1429, 1430, 1431, 1432, 1433, 1434, 1435, 1436, 1437, 1438, 1439, 1440, 1441, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1445, 1446, 1447, 1448, 1449, 1450, 1451, 1452, 1453, 1454, 1455, 1456, 1457, 1458, 1459, 1460, 1461, 1462, 1463, 1464, 1465, 1466, 1467, 1468, 1469, 1470, 1471, 1472, 1473, 1474, 1475, 1476, 1477, 1478, 1479, 1480, 1481, 1482, 1483, 1484, 1485, 1486, 1487, 1488, 1489, 1490, 1491, 1492, 1493, 1494, 1495, 1496, 1497, 1498, 1499, 1500, 1501, 1502, 1503, 1504, 1505, 1506, 1507, 1508, 1509, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1514, 1515, 1516, 1517, 1518, 1519, 1520, 1521, 1522, 1523, 1524, 1525, 1526, 1527, 1528, 1529, 1530, 1531, 1532, 1533, 1534, 1535, 1536, 1537, 1538, 1539, 1540, 1541, 1542, 1543, 1544, 1545, 1546, 1547, 1548, 1549, 1550, 1551, 1552, 1553, 1554, 1555, 1556, 1557, 1558, 1559, 1560, 1561, 1562, 1563, 1564, 1565, 1566, 1567, 1568, 1569, 1570, 1571, 1572, 1573, 1574, 1575, 1576, 1577, 1578, 1579, 1580, 1581, 1582, 1583, 1584, 1585, 1586, 1587, 1588, 1589, 1590, 1591, 1592, 1593, 1594, 1595, 1596, 1597, 1598, 1599, 1600, 1601, 1602, 1603, 1604, 1605, 1606, 1607, 1608, 1609, 1610, 1611, 1612, 1613, 1614, 1615, 1616, 1617, 1618, 1619, 1620, 1621, 1622, 1623, 1624, 1625, 1626, 1627, 1628, 1629, 1630, 1631, 1632, 1633, 1634, 1635, 1636, 1637, 1638, 1639, 1640, 1641, 1642, 1643, 1644, 1645, 1646, 1647, 1648, 1649, 1650, 1651, 1652, 1653, 1654, 1655, 1656, 1657, 1658, 16

**The Civic Address.**  
 "To His Excellency, the Governor  
 General of Canada,  
 May it please Your Excellency:  
 "On behalf of the citizens of Ed-  
 monton, most heartily welcome Your  
 Excellency and desire to assure to  
 you our keen appreciation of this your  
 first official visit to Western Canada,  
 and to this, the capital city of Alberta.  
 I can assure you of the unwavering  
 loyalty of our citizens to the Person  
 and Throne of His Royal Majesty King  
 George the Fifth. Who you represent

That loyalty has been demonstrated in no small degree by the large proportion of our male population who are wearing the King's uniform and who today are on the battlefields of Europe defending the principles of liberty, justice and democracy. Many of these have already paid the supreme sacrifice.

At Separate School.

Then the party went on to the Separate School on Kintistino avenue (94 street). Here a big welcome awaited them as the scholars had been lined up in the roadway and the school buildings were gay with flags and bunting. His Excellency was loud

In response His Grace spoke of the need of all being united, without distinction of race or creed, for carrying on of the Empire. In a few years they would be called to carry out their part in the work, and therefore he asked them to make the best use of the years they spend at school.

**Doctors Recommend Bon-Opto for the Eyes**

Physicians and eye specialists prescribe Bon-Opto as a safe home remedy in the treatment of eye troubles and to strengthen eyesight. Sold under money refund guarantee by all druggists.

the girls of the Red Deer college students from various other educational institutions. An orchestra of nine played several numbers before the ceremony of the conferring of degree of doctor of laws on His excellency. The students regaled the audience for half an hour or so the college lore of songs, yells and noises. Every one was in an ex-

ant and happy mood and were inspired by the long procession of academic, professional and civic dignitaries. His Excellency and party at the head of the parade were escorted by a very impressive band of the army. Various gowned men, professors, judges, lawyers, ministers of the church, the clergy, etc., as they advanced to the platform between a military escort of the University corps, standing with presented arms.

**Presented His Excellency**  
Dr. Dyde offered prayer and the Tory, president of the University.

a well-couched address to the Chancellor, presented His Excellency the conferring of the degree to Chancellor Stuart, in a clever, worded speech conveyed the wish the University to His Excellency, after signing the roll the Duke of Devonshire addressed the audience, said in part that he had no adequate words to express the deep feeling

The coroner arrived in Sangre Grande yesterday afternoon to inquire into the death of Alfred Person, who was killed by a workman on Friday. The verdict returned was "accidental death." The funeral service was conducted by Rev. K. J. M. Sunday and the remains interred in San Pedro cemetery.

Many friends gathered to pay respects to the memory of Mr. Emerson, whose sudden death is a gloom over this community. Sangudo, Nov. 12th.



stored to normal. It can be prepared at home and we believe is effective treatment for this trouble. Your druggist secures 1 oz. Parolin (Strength), take this home and add 4 pint of hot water and 4 ounces of white sugar. Stir until dissolved, one tablespoonful four times a day. It is used in this way not only to tonic action the inflammation and in the Eustachian Tubes, and

equalize the air pressure on the drum  
to correct any excess of secretion  
middle ear, and the results it is  
usually quick and effective.

Every person who has catarrh  
form should give this recipe a try

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Mr. Michener, Mrs. Wilfrid H. Michener, Mrs. Claude Jamieson, Lehman, Dr. McQueen, Bishop G. Mrs. Thompson, Miss Doris Thompson, Dr. D. H. McKensie, Mr. P. S. Ball, Mrs. Bell, Miss Clara May Ball, E. Evan Greene, Mrs. A. Y. Blain, J. Kerr, Mrs. A. E. Ottwell, Mrs. Freeman, Mrs. Clibborn, Mrs. N. D. Keen, Mrs. Frank Ford, Mrs. Ponton, J. H. Benjamin.

# Care

## Cut Rate Shoe

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CHINESE PREMIER DESIGNS  
PEKIN, Nov. 15.—Premier Tuan  
Chi-Jui has resigned.



EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1917.

PAGE THREE

## WALTER STEADMAN OF THE Y.M.C.A. ELECTED PRESIDENT OF BOYS' CONFERENCE

Inspiring Addresses Are Made by Alderman Wilson, Chairman Scruton of Calgary, J. W. Storey, and Others—The Co-operation of Churches is Pleaded by Denominational Representatives

Walter Steadman, assistant physical director of the Edmonton Y.M.C.A., who was elected president of the boys' conference, received a glowing reception from the boys' conference, which was held at the Y.M.C.A. last night. Steadman, who was elected president of the boys' conference, received a glowing reception from the boys' conference, which was held at the Y.M.C.A. last night. Steadman, who was elected president of the boys' conference, received a glowing reception from the boys' conference, which was held at the Y.M.C.A. last night.

Directly after the divisional exercises of the Friday night meeting, the Y.M.C.A. secretary, J. W. Storey, chairman of the provincial advisory committee on boys' work for Calgary, gave a short address to the boys, telling them the necessity of co-operation in the Y.M.C.A. and the importance of the boys' conference.

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## LIEUT. FORSTER AND TANK

Lieut. Ralph P. Forster, son of F. G. Forster, provincial license inspector of Edmonton, and a popular student at the University, can be seen clad in overalls in front of the tank "His Majesty's Land Ship Canada," of which he has been in command. Lieut. Forster is at present home on leave owing to the severe strain incident to tank fighting.



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## FALLS FROM HIS WHEEL—STRIKES HEAD AND DIES

John Kenny, retired farmer, meets death in city—Wife notified on train

John Kenny, a retired farmer of Inverness, Alta., who has but recently arrived in Edmonton to spend the winter, fell off his horse while riding the central section of the city Thursday evening and sustained a fractured skull. He was removed to the Mount Royal hospital at 7:30 o'clock and died at 10:30 o'clock.

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## TAXICAB RATES COME HIGH WITH LIQUOR AS CARGO

Detectives Stop Auto on the High Level and Seize Fifty-five Bottles

City detectives stopped a taxicab on the high level Friday morning and arrested the occupant after finding a cache of liquor. The taxicab was found to be carrying fifty-five bottles of liquor, which were seized by the police. The driver was arrested and charged with carrying liquor without a license.

## RESERVE MILITIA AMBULANCE CORPS

The reserve militia ambulance corps has a good average attendance for the past few days. The corps is composed of men who are trained in first aid and ambulance driving. They are available for service in the event of an emergency.

## Supreme Court Cases

PERMISSORY LITIGATION. The Supreme Court of Canada has granted a writ of habeas corpus to a man who had been detained in a mental hospital. The court found that the detention was unlawful.

## VICE PRES. HALL OF C.P.R. WILL ARRIVE IN CITY TONIGHT

On Way To Prince Rupert on First Trip To That Town

Grand Hall, vice-president and general manager for the coast of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Winnipeg, will arrive in the city tonight on his first trip to Prince Rupert. He is on his way to inspect the railway line.

## OPPOSED TO INVESTMENT

Montreal, Nov. 16.—The Trades and Labor Council here adopted a resolution last night in opposition to investing council funds in Victory bonds.

## ENTRIES FOR THE Poultry Show

Close November 24th

NOVICE CLASSES

For the notice, you poultry are not required to be exhibited. For the notice, you poultry are not required to be exhibited.

## P. BURNS & CO. LIMITED

FRESH LOBSTERS. SELECT OYSTERS. STRICTLY FRESH EGGS.

ALBERTA CREAMERY BUTTER, per lb. 45c

FRESH KILLED CHICKENS, per lb. 28c

FRESH KILLED FOWL, per lb. 25c

FRESH KILLED DUCK, per lb. 25c

PRIME RIBS BEEF, STANDING, per lb. 22c

PRIME ROLLED ROASTS BEEF, per lb. 24c

PRIME OVEN ROASTS BEEF, per lb. 18c

PRIME POT ROASTS BEEF, per lb. 15c

SHOULDER ROASTS OF PORK, half or whole, per lb. 28c

HOME-MADE PORK SAUSAGE, per lb. 20c

CALVES BRAINS, per lb. 10c

MARKETS BELOW:

PALACE MEAT MARKET, 2352 Ave. 4626

P. BURNS & CO. LTD., 1732 Jasper 1317

P. BURNS & CO. LTD., 1732 Jasper 31125

P. BURNS & CO. LTD., 1732 Jasper 81621

P. BURNS & CO. LTD., 1732 Jasper 71120

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Jewelry, Diamond Merchants  
C.P.R. Watch Inspectors  
Insurers of Maritime Licensure

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You Will Save Money  
By Getting Our  
Prices on  
**LUMBER**

before placing your orders elsewhere. We are quoting the lowest prices to farmers and settlers for all types of lumber, including shingles. We ship daily to all points. Write for our price list. Call at our yard or write to Lumber, Ltd., 1214 10th St. S.W., Edmonton, Alberta, and all building material.

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INSURANCE BROKERS  
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**MARRIAGE LICENSES**

**JACKSON BROTHERS**

Leading Jewelers  
237 Jasper Avenue East

**Dawson Coal**

Phones 1780 and 2244

**ALBERTA COAL**

Great Northern Coal Co., Ltd.  
Phone 6355

**THE MACDONALD**

Table d'Hôte Dinner Every Evening, Except Sunday, \$1.95.  
Sunday, \$1.50.

**Humberstone Coal**

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**STORAGE SERVICE**  
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**A. J. HILLS & CO.**  
LIVE STOCK DEALERS  
Auctioneers & Real Estate  
Business Office  
INQUIRIES SOLICITED  
Phone 1111, P.O. Box 982, Night 282

**MURDERED BY BANDITS**  
CHICAGO, Nov. 16.—(Associated Press.)—A man named Harry Schwartz, a murdered Altona resident, a grocer, was found dead in a rooming house in Chicago. A jury found him guilty and imposed the death sentence.

**CAID OF THANKS**  
With the deepest feeling of gratitude, the family of the late Mr. J. H. Hill, who died Nov. 15, 1917, at his home in Altona, Manitoba, express their appreciation to all who attended the funeral and to those who contributed to the funeral expenses.

**VANCO VER HOTEL**  
FIRST CLASS HOTEL  
Hotel in the heart of the city, near the business district. Room rates: \$2.00 and \$3.00.

**THE WOODS HOTEL**  
First class hotel, near the business district. Room rates: \$2.00 and \$3.00.

**BOHS**

BERNHARDT—On November 12, to Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Bernhardt, 1934 1st St. S.W., a son.

**IN MEMORIAM**

EMILY—In loving memory of Dundas Hill, widow of John Hill, who died Nov. 16, 1917.

**The Weather**

Forecast  
All West-Ty and mild.  
Sun rises Sunday 7:50 a.m.  
Sun sets Sunday 5:30 p.m.

**Weather**

Forecast  
Sun rises Sunday 7:50 a.m.  
Sun sets Sunday 5:30 p.m.

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Sun rises Sunday 7:50 a.m.  
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**COMING EVENTS**

Announcement of meetings (continued)  
Nov. 18, 1917. The following events will be held on Saturday, Nov. 18, 1917.

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## Labor News and Gossip

In local labor circles the question of elections in the main today just now, and the chief issue is whether or not it will be possible to run candidates in both Federal and municipal elections. The matter was discussed at a meeting of the Labor Representation League held this week, and although it was decided without much question to run candidates in both Federal and municipal elections, yet no decision was arrived at with regard to the municipal elections. There was talk on Saturday night of the matter being again discussed at another meeting of league members, to be held on Saturday night, but there will be no general meeting, although the question will again be discussed by the executive on Saturday afternoon. So far as the present situation can be judged, it does not seem likely that a candidate will be nominated from among the Labor party. There are various reasons for this, one being the expense of running, but another is the opinion prevailing among many, that future consideration should be given to the municipal elections, where there is a better chance of success. The league have made one or two suggestions for these elections, one being the choice of A. Farnham for school board candidate and A. L. Kinney for the city council. There will be others just as well as mentioned, but names are before the committee at the present time. Of the old-timer, J. Scott, and another J. White, secretary to the street railwaymen's union.

FORTHCOMING meetings include a meeting of the Trade Union Federation of the C.N.R. tonight (Saturday), for the purpose of discussing general business. On Monday there will be the next meeting of the Trades and Labor Council. There will be a good deal of business on the agenda.

WITH the plan of preventing the possibility of labor action in connection with the election of the C.N.R. tonight (Saturday), for the purpose of discussing general business. On Monday there will be the next meeting of the Trades and Labor Council. There will be a good deal of business on the agenda.

AN important session of British labor is being held in the city tonight (Saturday), for the purpose of discussing general business. On Monday there will be the next meeting of the Trades and Labor Council. There will be a good deal of business on the agenda.

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## Auction Sale

**GREENFIELDS EXCHANGE**  
Nov. 17, 1917.  
2 p.m. sharp, Saturday, Nov. 17th.  
Cm. Jasper and Fraser

**IMPORTANT**  
**Auction Sale**  
Saturday, November 17th  
At 8 p.m.

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## YOUR PARCELS FOR THE BOYS AT THE FRONT MUST LEAVE BY THE 17th. ORDER YOUR

**Christmas Cake**  
**TODAY**  
\$1.25 to \$2.50

**J. A. HALLIER**  
The Home of Quality  
9714 Jasper. Phone 1827-6729

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## CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY 1917-DECEMBER-1917.

**EXCURSIONS**  
To EASTERN CANADA  
Daily Dec. 1 to 31.  
Good to return at these within three months.

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To EASTERN CANADA  
Daily Dec. 1 to 31.  
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## In the City Churches

### Anglican

**St. Mark's Anglican Church**, corner 15th street and 10th avenue—Services at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. The 11 a.m. service will be held in the new sanctuary. The 7:30 p.m. service will be held in the old sanctuary. The 11 a.m. service will be held in the new sanctuary. The 7:30 p.m. service will be held in the old sanctuary.

**CASCARETS SELL TWENTY MILLION BOXES PER YEAR**

Best, safest cathartic for liver and bowels, and people know it.

They're fine! Don't stay listless, sick, headachy or constipated.



Factor! Never clean teeth with tooth powder. It is a habit and only the blood, gets on teeth and makes them look white. Cascarets is a candy capsule that cleans the bowels, keeps the system in good health, and gives you a healthy, happy, and active life.

**GLASS OF SALTS CLEANS KIDNEYS**

If your Back Rites or Bladder bothers you, drink lots of water.

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore, don't get scared and try to find your remedy with a lot of drugs that irritate the kidneys and irritate the bladder. Instead, take your kidneys clean, and you will find your remedy with a healthy, happy, and active life.

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**Westminster Church Service**  
Sundays Evening, 7:30 p.m.

**Rev. C. A. Myers M.A.**  
SUNDAY SERVICE: 10:30 a.m.  
Rev. J. J. McNeil, D.D., Minister

**CARLSBAD IS NO MORE**  
COMING TO HARRISON HOT SPRINGS

There is no more Carlsbad. The Carlsbad Hot Springs have been moved to Harrison Hot Springs. The Carlsbad Hot Springs have been moved to Harrison Hot Springs.

**St. Alton Hotel**  
Masterly Hosts, Service, and Cuisine.  
1001-1003, 10th Avenue, E. S. 10th St. E.

**FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE**

## "Her Money Troubles"

They get more vexatious as the cost of foods climbs skyward. Meat, eggs and vegetables are almost beyond the family purse.

Happy is the housewife who knows **Shredded Wheat**, its low cost and its high food value. A better balanced ration than meat or eggs and costs much less. Two Shredded Wheat biscuits with milk or cream make a complete, perfect meal, supplying all the nutrient needed for a half day's work at a cost of a few cents. Delicious for any meal with milk or cream, or with fresh or stewed fruits. Made in Canada.

**St. Andrew's Church**, Jasper Lake, 11th street and 10th avenue—Services at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. The 11 a.m. service will be held in the new sanctuary. The 7:30 p.m. service will be held in the old sanctuary.

**St. John's Church**, Jasper Lake, 11th street and 10th avenue—Services at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. The 11 a.m. service will be held in the new sanctuary. The 7:30 p.m. service will be held in the old sanctuary.

**St. Luke's Church**, Jasper Lake, 11th street and 10th avenue—Services at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. The 11 a.m. service will be held in the new sanctuary. The 7:30 p.m. service will be held in the old sanctuary.

**St. David's Church**, Jasper Lake, 11th street and 10th avenue—Services at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. The 11 a.m. service will be held in the new sanctuary. The 7:30 p.m. service will be held in the old sanctuary.

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## Kernels of Rural News

Gleaned From District Exchanges

**OF THE READY TO SERVE:** The ready to serve of about 150 registered in the district. The ready to serve of about 150 registered in the district. The ready to serve of about 150 registered in the district.

**PRINCE GEORGE, BRITISH COLUMBIA:** The Prince George, British Columbia, is a small town of about 150 people. The Prince George, British Columbia, is a small town of about 150 people.

**NEW BRUNSWICK:** The New Brunswick is a small town of about 150 people. The New Brunswick is a small town of about 150 people.

**IT BEW A GALE:** A gale over the week end and the weather was down in all directions.

**Winkles Disappear "As If By Magic"**  
The removal of winkles, I have discovered, is a very simple matter. The removal of winkles, I have discovered, is a very simple matter.

**PROSPERITY AT RUPERT:** New enterprises are starting up and the outlook for the future is very bright. Prosperity is starting up and the outlook for the future is very bright.

**Optimistic reports come from the mines in the Port of Spain.** Optimistic reports come from the mines in the Port of Spain.

**On the mainland and on the islands** the weather is very active. On the mainland and on the islands the weather is very active.

**White down the coast the pulp and paper mills are busy at work.** White down the coast the pulp and paper mills are busy at work.

**Preparations made for a big winter** of about 150 people. Preparations made for a big winter of about 150 people.

**St. George's Own Tablets are a grand medicine for little ones.** St. George's Own Tablets are a grand medicine for little ones.

**There now seems to be a real need** of a good medicine for little ones. There now seems to be a real need of a good medicine for little ones.

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## Greater Love Hath No Man Than This

Half a billion in the line of the London Gazette, where it is set forth with all the perils of official language, is a story of self-sacrifice that made one pre-eminently even in this age of desperate courage and heroism.

The record is contained in the announcement of the award of the Albert Medal of the First Lord of the Admiralty, Charles Henry Anderson, late of the 1st Battalion of the London Regiment, who lost his life in France in November last.

The official narrative is as follows:—On November 28, 1916, Capt. Anderson was in a boat in France, when, accidentally, the motorboat was withdrawn from a bomb, in the usual manner he should be warning to the men, rushed to the door, and endeavored to open it as to throw the bomb into a field.

Falling to do this, when as judged that the five seconds during which the bomb was fired to burst had elapsed, he held the bomb as close to his body as possible, and with his hands in order to screen the other men in the boat. Anderson himself and one other man were mortally wounded by the explosion, and five men were injured. The remaining five escaped unhurt. Anderson sacrificed his life to save his comrades.

Anderson's sacrifice was a noble one, and his death was a great loss to the country. His death was a great loss to the country.

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## When history opens the purple testament of a feeding war ....

every man and woman who has played a part will bear a record.

Your name may not be writ among those of the immortals—

But for honour's sake—for the sake of men like Anderson—see to it that it is writ on the Scroll with those who at least played their money at the service of their country.

Shall it be said that Canada spares not her sons from the sacrifice of death, yet withholds her dollars needed to give them victory?

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# The Bulletin's Pictorial Review of Week's Events

## BELGIAN BOMB THROWER WITH MACHINE



This queer looking instrument is a Belgian bomb-thrower. It has been found very effective in short range artillery preparation in the sand dunes near the Channel coast. Some of the throwers of King Albert's little "last guard" army have acquired unbelievable skill in hurling explosives into the German positions. Obviously the work is risky. Note the big revolver in the hands of the operator. It is his chief reliance against a surprise attack.

## THE BRAINS OF THE GERMAN ARMY



General Ludendorff is the most powerful man in Germany today, and is the brains of the Hindenburg strategy. In the photo von Hindenburg is shown to the left, and Ludendorff behind him.

## GERMAN PRISONERS STARVING



These men's haggard faces show how the Hun army is feeling the pinch of starvation.

## "TUMPING" SUPPLIES TO THE FRONT



The Canadians employ the old Indian tumpine, a leather strap which passes over the forehead, the weight of the load resting just below the shoulders.

## CANDIDATES IN NEW YORK'S BITTER ELECTION CAMPAIGN



John Purroy Mitchell, the defeated mayor.



William Bennet, Republican candidate.



Judge John F. Hyland, democratic candidate elected.

## TWO FAMOUS ENGLISHMEN TO VISIT CANADA



Viscount Reading, Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, and Col. E. D. Swinton, the man who gets the credit for the tanks. They are in the States on a financial mission, and are coming to Canada. This photo was snapped in Washington.

## AMERICANS READY TO FIGHT



American troops in French trenches wearing gas masks.

## HENRY ST. YVES



Longboat's rival, who has distinguished himself at the front.

## "LOOKING FOR DADDY"



The above picture shows the two young sons of Admiral Sir David Beatty marking off on the globe the spot where they believe their "Dad" is stationed.

## NEW CANADIAN RAILWAY SERVICE



Standard Sleeping and Dining Car Service

Quebec and Winnipeg  
The "Western National"  
The "National Atlantic"

## "CAMOUFLAGE" OF A SOLDIER



Canadian troops in range of shell fire put on a variety show. The picture shows one of the alleged ladies fixing the major's tie between acts.



THE BULLETIN'S  
FARM PAGEIMPLEMENT BAROMETER RISING  
FINEST FINANCIAL WEATHER  
COMING TO EDMONTON DISTRICT

More Acreage with Less Labor Because of More and Larger Machines and Modern Mechanical Methods. One Firm Sold 200 Tractors—Farmers Offer to Pay Cash in Advance—Money Refused.

One of the best barometers of trade in the agricultural communities and the country towns found about Edmonton is the number of tractors sold and the excitement made by the various implement agencies. The farming season for 1917 is about over, but the excitement of the season is not yet over, yet the various companies have local salesmen or district headquarters in Edmonton. A report of the number of tractors sold is satisfactory, and in practically every case as much better than in previous years.

The value of this information as a barometer of trade is marked by the fact that in most cases the sales of implements are not only on the increase, but the cost of the implements is larger than in former years. The cost of the implements is larger than in former years, the amount of work produced in the district of the farm is also the general volume of trade will continue to increase not only for the implements but also for the men who will be directly connected with the selling of the tools.

**More Crop—Less Labor.**  
To avoid the problem of getting more crop in less of a general shortage of labor, the cost of the implements is larger than in former years, the amount of work produced in the district of the farm is also the general volume of trade will continue to increase not only for the implements but also for the men who will be directly connected with the selling of the tools.

The feature of the trade during 1917 is the large number of tractors sold. The feature of the trade during 1917 is the large number of tractors sold. The feature of the trade during 1917 is the large number of tractors sold. The feature of the trade during 1917 is the large number of tractors sold.

**Ladies! Keep it on the Dresser**  
Few drops on cold or callus stops pain, then they lift off.

least supply was secured during the last year and it is expected that the supply of 1918 will also be similarly met.

In reviewing the business done by the International Harvester Co. in central and northern Alberta and in the southern part of British Columbia, the company reports that the chief development has been in the Peace River district, though there has been an increase in sales in the south of the province. The company also reports that the demand for tractors is increasing in the south of the province.

**Money—Harris Co.**  
In the territory served from the Edmonton headquarters of the Massey-Harris Co., it is reported that the year 1917 has proved exceptionally good. In and around Edmonton, the farmers are in the best financial condition in the history of the district. It is also reported that the demand for tractors is increasing in the south of the province.

**John Deere Farm Co.**  
The John Deere Farm Co. reports that the year 1917 has proved exceptionally good. In and around Edmonton, the farmers are in the best financial condition in the history of the district. It is also reported that the demand for tractors is increasing in the south of the province.

**SCHOOL LANDS**  
SELL FOR HIGH PRICES NOW  
Much Bigger Acreage is Expected to be Under Crop Next Year

## Barometer Predicts Prosperous Alta.

## PAIR OF GILBERT'S FAMOUS BERKSHIRES

POULTRY MARKETING COM'R.  
IS APPOINTED BY LOCAL GOVT.

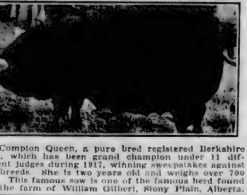
**Purpose of Department is to Develop Poultry Industry to Maximum Efficiency—Numerous Organizations Are Making Use of Egg and Poultry Marketing Service.**

The Provincial Department of Agriculture announces that it has added to its administrative services the office of poultry marketing commissioner. The purpose of the office is to develop the poultry industry for maximum efficiency in the production and marketing of poultry products, as well as to increase the farm revenue from the production of eggs and poultry.

**Boys and Girls of Gwynne**  
WIN PRIZES FOR BERKSHIRES; CROOKED LAKE SCHOOL FAIR

**Liver Trouble and Heartburn**  
CURED BY Milburn's Lax-Liver Pills

**SCHOOL LANDS**  
SELL FOR HIGH PRICES NOW  
Much Bigger Acreage is Expected to be Under Crop Next Year

POULTRY MARKETING COM'R.  
IS APPOINTED BY LOCAL GOVT.

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GREAT GRAND CHAMPION SWINE  
BEING BRED BY GILBERT FROM  
GRAND CHAMPION OF 3 NATIONS

Ewe Exported to Pacific Island by Wm. Gilbert, Stony Plain, Who Imported Sheep and Swine That Were Famous Prisoners in the United States, Canada and British Isles.

Stony Plain, one of the finest of the sheep and swine in the Pacific Ocean, is now owned by Mr. Gilbert, who has imported two ewes and a ram from his flock of pure bred sheep. In former years, he has shipped both ewes and sheep to various parts of the world, but as far as known this is the first shipment of breeding stock from the Edmonton district to have a very high price for a single animal. The ewe sold by Mr. Gilbert at \$124 for a pair of spotted and black ewes, sold to A. H. Edwards of Vancouver.

**It Is Not Curious?**  
A grade cow, eight years old, near Woodville, Ont., was sold at auction on November 15, 1917, for \$23.75. She is still paying 24 pounds of milk per day, and is due in November again. The cow was sold to a local farmer, who is now using her for milk. The cow was sold to a local farmer, who is now using her for milk.

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**Bedrooms of Distinction and Charm**  
Today the Bedroom has come into its own. No longer is it just a place to sleep in. On the contrary, it is now the delectable—and usually the most attractive—room of the house.

**The "Quality" Mattress**  
For more than half a century, The "Ostermoor" Mattress has preached The Gospel of Restful Sleep. It has taught hundreds of thousands of people the benefits of proper rest—and has shown them how to obtain it.

**THE ALASKA BEDDING CO. LIMITED**  
Makers of Bedsteads and Bedding  
Calgary WINNIPEG Regina

**KEEP YOUR STOVE BRIGHT**  
A few minutes with a cloth and Black Knight will make your stove look attractive. Can be used on either warm or cold stove as Black Knight will not burn.

# An Income For Life--Our Free Christmas Gift

DO NOT PUT OFF MAILING YOUR

## Christmas Cards

FOR ACROSS THE WATER  
WE SPECIALIZE ON

### Private Greeting Cards

Here is the only place in the city where you can have your order filled--printed to your requirements--the day following placing the order.  
Greetings this year are with wording particularly adapted to times like these.

Prices \$1.00 Per Dozen and Up.

## The Douglas Co. Ltd.

10032 Jasper.

Save our receipts, and cost your estimate for the \$2.50 Free Bungalow.

HAVE YOUR CLOTHES "MADE FOR YOU--NOT MERELY SOLD TO YOU."

## LA FLECHE BROS.

Western Canada's Greatest Custom Tailoring House



## KINDERGARTEN SETS

Teach your children at a table of their own. It is something they appreciate, and thoroughly enjoy a little table and chairs of their own.

### THREE DIFFERENT TYPES

A table and two chairs in each set. Oval shaped, square and oblong, in white, red, blue and golden. Price.

\$2.95, \$3.15, \$3.85

Select Your Christmas Set Now!

## GRAHAM & REID

Next Selkirk Hotel.

HOME FURNISHERS.

Finlay's Favorite Ranges.



### Bracelet Watches

—A Timex, as well as an ornament for the wrist.  
Solid Gold ... \$50.00 to \$100.00  
Gold Filled ... \$10.00 to \$25.00  
Silver with leather straps \$12.00  
Gold Filled with straps \$14.00

## ASH BROTHERS

Jewellers. Diamond Merchants. G.P.H. Watch Inspectors. Makers of Marriage Licenses.

## FREEDOM CALLS!

ARE YOU DOING YOUR PART?

It is for you to say whether the Loan will be a success or a failure.

The World is Waiting For Your Decision.  
CANADA Must Not Fail HER ALLIES.

## BUY A VICTORY BOND TODAY

Space Donated by

## Burnham-Frith Co., Ltd.

10170 100th St., Edmonton, 'Phone 6135

## Alberta Coal Has Value In Every Ounce

Don't be caught short of coal! Let us fill your cellar for you.  
Remember, our receipt is worth one estimate for every dollar you pay.

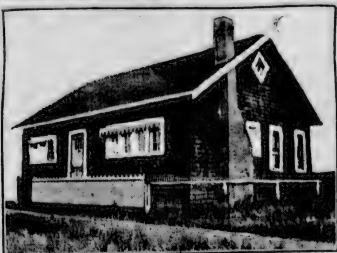
Use your phone and let us have your order.

PHONE 6355

## The Great Northern Coal

Co., Ltd.

EDMONTON



Free Title to this \$2,250 Bungalow will be the Christmas Gift to one of our readers.

It Will Not Cost the Winner a Cent - Read How To Get It

ON December 24th a FREE Gift will be made of the clear title deeds to this beautiful five-room bungalow, located at 12610 100th Ave., City, to some patron of the stores advertising on these Special Pages.

The conditions are very simple—Buy your goods from the stores whose advertisements appear on these two special pages—save your bills, and for every \$1.00 spent you will be entitled to one guess on the number of grains of seed wheat in the container we will place in full view in the front window of The Bulletin Office—On Dec. 24th a committee of Judges, who will be named later, will make a public count of the number of grains of seed wheat in the container and the person guessing the correct number, or the one whose guess is nearest correct, will be awarded this beautiful bungalow without payment of one cent of money. These therefore are the ONLY conditions: FIRST: Patronize the stores advertising on these pages; SECOND: Bring your bills to The Bulletin Office and register your guess on the number of grains of seed wheat in the container.

THE PRIZE WILL IN NO EVENT BE AWARDED TO AN EMPLOYEE OR DEPENDENT OF EMPLOYEE OF THE BULLETIN CO. LTD.

The name Humberstone has, since the time Edmonton was Fort Edmonton, stood for high grade coal. It occupies the same position among coals that No. 1 Northern does in the wheat market.

### HUMBERSTONE QUALITY IS UNCHALLENGED HUMBERSTONE SERVICE IS UNMATCHED

Prices consistent with quality and service. Remember, you get full value in fuel for every dollar you spend and an opportunity to win the \$2,250 bungalow.

## Humberstone Coal Co.

Phones 224S, 1492, 225S : 9981 Jasper Ave.

It is not too early to think of that Christmas present for your wife—what about

## A HOOSIER CABINET

Solid on easy payments, and we will deliver when you require.

### HOOSIER STORE

H. A. WOOD.

10024 101A Ave.

—A chance to win the \$2,250 prize bungalow with every dollar payment.

### PURE MILK CREAM BUTTER & CHEESE

FROM THE

## WOODLAND DAIRY

Every dollar's worth of milk tickets means a chance of winning the \$2,250 free bungalow.

Are YOU a Sufferer From Rheumatism Or Its Kindred Ills? If So, Try This.



People who have used R. & S. POWELL say that it is the most powerful and effective remedy for rheumatism and stomach trouble.

We are daily in receipt of letters from sufferers from rheumatism who are grateful for the relief they have had, and we have on our files hundreds of testimonials.

May be obtained at all grocers or sent postpaid by R. & S. Co., Edmonton.

Dealers can obtain it at Hamilton Wholesale Ltd., Edmonton.

Holden the R. & S. trademarks on boxes for gucees on the \$2,250 bungalow.

## The "Phonola"

IS THE NAME THAT STANDS FOR PERFECTION IN THE TALKING MACHINE LINE.

Have you heard it? Beautiful tone—clear and sweet—a well-made article and finished with table, with materials the best that can be procured; and above all, A CANADIAN-MADE Machine for CANADIAN people.

The large model is equipped with pipes similar to organ pipes, one for each note of the scale. This arrangement reproduces and improves the tone to the extent that the reproduction is absolutely perfect, and eliminates all scraping and rasping noises common in other machines.

The new Hollow-Back Phonola is unquestionably far in the lead of all other Phonographs, and it is a Canadian product.

Other styles of Phonolas that will be well worth your attention are the "Duke," the "Princess" and the "Crown Prince."

## The Masters Piano Co.

10024 JASPER AVE.

## ARE YOU LUCKY?

IT WAS OUR CUSTOMER WHO WON THE BIG PRIZE LAST YEAR

IT COSTS NO MORE TO BUY

## KING COAL

With Mahar Coal Co. Service.

PHONE 1066

Or call and see us at our New office in the Rossum Building.

## MAHAR COAL CO'Y.

Edmonton's Leading Coal Merchants  
Office: Rossum Bldg., Jasper and 102nd St. 'Phone 4145.  
Yards: 190th Street and 104th Avenue

Get in right, in one of our Overcoats. We can fit everybody. Prices from

\$15.00 TO \$60.00

We give \$50 worth of merchandise to our customer who guesses the correct or nearest the correct number in the Bulletin contest.

## ESSERY & CO.

THE MEN'S STORE

10073 Jasper Avenue.

Phone 5495

## Specials in FURNITURE

The Next 10 Days We Offer Exceptional Values in DIVANETTES, DAVENPORTS, ROCKERS

AND MORRIS CHAIRS.

It Will Pay You to Inspect Our Large Assortment. We Specialize in Carpet Cleaning, Upholstering and Auto Repairing.

## Hutton Furniture & Upholstering Company

'Phone 1306.

10820 Jasper Ave.

THE SEASON'S LATEST FASHIONS IN

IN

## FUR NECESSITIES

Our stock contains many charming designs in Furs and Fur Coats in styles that will dominate this coming season. We would advise an early selection before the cold weather.

WE ALSO SPECIALIZE IN

Furs Made to Order and Furs Remodeled By Well Experienced Workmen.

## Alexander - Hilpert Fur Co. Ltd.

10827 Jasper Ave., between 108th St. and 109th St. Scott Bldg.

Phone 4094

Every dollar spent here gives you a chance to win this beautiful Free Home

## CAMPBELL'S BREAD

Insure the health of the family by providing it for their every meal.

Order Today - Phone 1444

On sale by all the leading grocers in the city.

## CHAS. W. CAMPBELL

The Better Bread Maker

Corner of 100th Street and 107th Avenue

Every \$1.00 worth of Bread Tickets gives you a chance to own the \$2,250 Bungalow.





# You Can Easily Supply Your Wants Through Little Bulletin Ads

## Use Your Phone!

**Days 18324**  
After 5:30 pm. - 9324

All telephone conversations regarding ad-  
vertisements are confidential. The  
advertiser's name and address will be  
kept confidential.

## Wanted - Female

**WANTED - HOUSEKEEPER** for wife  
with three children. Bachelor  
man. No objection to living with  
children of school age. Will pay  
month for the month. Will pay  
for the month. Will pay for the  
month. Will pay for the month.  
Apply to Mr. W. B. Smith, 1001  
10th Ave. S.W., Edmonton, Alta.

## Wanted - Male

**WANTED - GOOD COOK**, RELIABLE,  
for University. Phone 2124. 9367-76

## Wanted - General

**WANTED - GENERAL SERVANT**,  
Apply to Mr. W. B. Smith, 1001  
10th Ave. S.W., Edmonton, Alta.

## Wanted - Girl

**WANTED - RELIABLE GIRL**,  
Apply to Mr. W. B. Smith, 1001  
10th Ave. S.W., Edmonton, Alta.

## Situations Wanted - Female

**YOUNG LADY DESIRES POSITION** as  
secretary or stenographer. 1001  
10th Ave. S.W., Edmonton, Alta.

## Situations Wanted - Male

**WE WILL PAY YOU TO VISIT** in  
the city. Apply to Mr. W. B. Smith,  
1001 10th Ave. S.W., Edmonton, Alta.

## Salemen

**SALESMAN - IF YOU ARE AMBITIOUS**  
and a hustler, we will pay you to  
sell our products. Apply to Mr. W. B. Smith,  
1001 10th Ave. S.W., Edmonton, Alta.

## Employment Agencies

**HUNT FOR EMPLOYMENT OFFICES**  
for men and women. Apply to Mr. W. B. Smith,  
1001 10th Ave. S.W., Edmonton, Alta.

## Teachers Wanted

**WANTED - LADY TEACHER** for  
grades 1 to 6. Apply to Mr. W. B. Smith,  
1001 10th Ave. S.W., Edmonton, Alta.

## Agents Wanted

**THE EDMONTON BULLETIN** is  
looking for agents to sell its products.  
Apply to Mr. W. B. Smith, 1001  
10th Ave. S.W., Edmonton, Alta.

## Music

**ORCHESTRA FOR PRIVATE DANCERS**  
needed. Apply to Mr. W. B. Smith,  
1001 10th Ave. S.W., Edmonton, Alta.

## Rooms To Rent - Furnished

**NICE FURNISHED ROOMS** in  
central location. Apply to Mr. W. B. Smith,  
1001 10th Ave. S.W., Edmonton, Alta.

## Housing Keeping Rooms

**FOR RENT - COMFORTABLE FURNISHED**  
rooms. Apply to Mr. W. B. Smith,  
1001 10th Ave. S.W., Edmonton, Alta.

## Furnished Suite to Rent

**FOR RENT - FULLY FURNISHED**  
suite. Apply to Mr. W. B. Smith,  
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## Furnished Houses to Rent

**FURNISHED, WELL FURNISHED**  
houses. Apply to Mr. W. B. Smith,  
1001 10th Ave. S.W., Edmonton, Alta.

## Offices to Rent

**OFFICE ROOMS AND SUITES IN BLOCK**  
central location. Apply to Mr. W. B. Smith,  
1001 10th Ave. S.W., Edmonton, Alta.

## Unfurnished Houses to Rent

**TO RENT - ROOMED COFFAGE**  
central location. Apply to Mr. W. B. Smith,  
1001 10th Ave. S.W., Edmonton, Alta.

## Tenant Wanted

**WANTED - TENANT FOR HOUSE**  
central location. Apply to Mr. W. B. Smith,  
1001 10th Ave. S.W., Edmonton, Alta.

## Houses Wanted

**FURNISHED OR PARTLY FURNISHED**  
houses. Apply to Mr. W. B. Smith,  
1001 10th Ave. S.W., Edmonton, Alta.

## Houses For Sale

**BEVERLY HILL HOMES ON DONALD**  
central location. Apply to Mr. W. B. Smith,  
1001 10th Ave. S.W., Edmonton, Alta.

## Land Wanted

**WANTED - LAND FOR FARM**  
central location. Apply to Mr. W. B. Smith,  
1001 10th Ave. S.W., Edmonton, Alta.

## Land For Sale

**FOR SALE - 100 ACRES**  
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Inventors, Engineers, Patent Attorneys.  
Head office, 1001 Bank Bldg., Toronto.  
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Representing Canada, United States, England, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, etc.

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Sheet metal work, general and building. All kinds of work. 1001 Bank Bldg., Edmonton.

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**REPAIRS FOR ALL MAKES**  
Typewriter repairing, general and building. All kinds of work. 1001 Bank Bldg., Edmonton.

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Turkish baths, general and building. All kinds of work. 1001 Bank Bldg., Edmonton.

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Tannery, general and building. All kinds of work. 1001 Bank Bldg., Edmonton.

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Veterinary surgeon, general and building. All kinds of work. 1001 Bank Bldg., Edmonton.

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Veterinarians, general and building. All kinds of work. 1001 Bank Bldg., Edmonton.

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**discarded Clothing, Men's Suits**  
Cash paid for discarded clothing, general and building. All kinds of work. 1001 Bank Bldg., Edmonton.

## Grain and Stock News

### GRAIN PRICE FLUCTUATIONS

Supplied Through Baird & Butterell.

#### RANGE IN WINNIPEG

	Open	High	Low	Close
OATS—				
November	74	75 1/2	74	75 1/2
December	71 1/2	73	71 1/2	73
May	72 1/2	74	72 1/2	74
FLAX—				
November	323	325 1/2	321	325 1/2
December	295	297 1/2	293	297 1/2
May	290	292 1/2	288 1/2	292 1/2

#### RANGE IN CHICAGO

	Open	High	Low	Close
OATS—				
December	64 1/2	65 1/2	64 1/2	65 1/2
May	64 1/2	65 1/2	64 1/2	65 1/2
CORN—				
December	117	117 1/2	116 1/2	117 1/2
May	115 1/2	116 1/2	114 1/2	115 1/2

#### RANGE IN MINNEAPOLIS

	Open	High	Low	Close
OATS—				
December	63	64 1/2	63	64 1/2
May	62 1/2	64 1/2	62 1/2	64 1/2

### COARSE GRAINS

#### IN GOOD DEMAND SPREADS SAME

**Grain Not Moving as Fast as Has Been Asked of Railroads**

Winnipeg, Nov. 16.—There was a good demand for coarse grains in the West, but the grain was not moving as fast as has been asked of the railroads. The grain was in good demand, and the price was spreading. The grain was in good demand, and the price was spreading. The grain was in good demand, and the price was spreading.

### Grain Prices

	Open	High	Low	Close
Wheat				
No. 1 Northern	90 1/2	91 1/2	90 1/2	91 1/2
No. 2 Northern	88 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2	89 1/2
No. 3 Northern	86 1/2	87 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2
No. 4 Northern	84 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2	85 1/2
No. 5 Northern	82 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2	83 1/2
No. 6 Northern	80 1/2	81 1/2	80 1/2	81 1/2
No. 7 Northern	78 1/2	79 1/2	78 1/2	79 1/2
No. 8 Northern	76 1/2	77 1/2	76 1/2	77 1/2
No. 9 Northern	74 1/2	75 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2
No. 10 Northern	72 1/2	73 1/2	72 1/2	73 1/2
No. 11 Northern	70 1/2	71 1/2	70 1/2	71 1/2
No. 12 Northern	68 1/2	69 1/2	68 1/2	69 1/2
No. 13 Northern	66 1/2	67 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2
No. 14 Northern	64 1/2	65 1/2	64 1/2	65 1/2
No. 15 Northern	62 1/2	63 1/2	62 1/2	63 1/2
No. 16 Northern	60 1/2	61 1/2	60 1/2	61 1/2
No. 17 Northern	58 1/2	59 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2
No. 18 Northern	56 1/2	57 1/2	56 1/2	57 1/2
No. 19 Northern	54 1/2	55 1/2	54 1/2	55 1/2
No. 20 Northern	52 1/2	53 1/2	52 1/2	53 1/2
No. 21 Northern	50 1/2	51 1/2	50 1/2	51 1/2
No. 22 Northern	48 1/2	49 1/2	48 1/2	49 1/2
No. 23 Northern	46 1/2	47 1/2	46 1/2	47 1/2
No. 24 Northern	44 1/2	45 1/2	44 1/2	45 1/2
No. 25 Northern	42 1/2	43 1/2	42 1/2	43 1/2
No. 26 Northern	40 1/2	41 1/2	40 1/2	41 1/2
No. 27 Northern	38 1/2	39 1/2	38 1/2	39 1/2
No. 28 Northern	36 1/2	37 1/2	36 1/2	37 1/2
No. 29 Northern	34 1/2	35 1/2	34 1/2	35 1/2
No. 30 Northern	32 1/2	33 1/2	32 1/2	33 1/2
No. 31 Northern	30 1/2	31 1/2	30 1/2	31 1/2
No. 32 Northern	28 1/2	29 1/2	28 1/2	29 1/2
No. 33 Northern	26 1/2	27 1/2	26 1/2	27 1/2
No. 34 Northern	24 1/2	25 1/2	24 1/2	25 1/2
No. 35 Northern	22 1/2	23 1/2	22 1/2	23 1/2
No. 36 Northern	20 1/2	21 1/2	20 1/2	21 1/2
No. 37 Northern	18 1/2	19 1/2	18 1/2	19 1/2
No. 38 Northern	16 1/2	17 1/2	16 1/2	17 1/2
No. 39 Northern	14 1/2	15 1/2	14 1/2	15 1/2
No. 40 Northern	12 1/2	13 1/2	12 1/2	13 1/2
No. 41 Northern	10 1/2	11 1/2	10 1/2	11 1/2
No. 42 Northern	8 1/2	9 1/2	8 1/2	9 1/2
No. 43 Northern	6 1/2	7 1/2	6 1/2	7 1/2
No. 44 Northern	4 1/2	5 1/2	4 1/2	5 1/2
No. 45 Northern	2 1/2	3 1/2	2 1/2	3 1/2
No. 46 Northern	1 1/2	2 1/2	1 1/2	2 1/2
No. 47 Northern	1/2	1 1/2	1/2	1 1/2
No. 48 Northern	0 1/2	1 1/2	0 1/2	1 1/2
No. 49 Northern	0 1/2	1 1/2	0 1/2	1 1/2
No. 50 Northern	0 1/2	1 1/2	0 1/2	1 1/2

### Grain Prices

	Open	High	Low	Close
Wheat				
No. 1 Northern	90 1/2	91 1/2	90 1/2	91 1/2
No. 2 Northern	88 1/2	89 1/2	88 1/2	89 1/2
No. 3 Northern	86 1/2	87 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2
No. 4 Northern	84 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2	85 1/2
No. 5 Northern	82 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2	83 1/2
No. 6 Northern	80 1/2	81 1/2	80 1/2	81 1/2
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No. 14 Northern	64 1/2	65 1/2	64 1/2	65 1/2
No. 15 Northern	62 1/2	63 1/2	62 1/2	63 1/2
No. 16 Northern	60 1/2	61 1/2	60 1/2	61 1/2
No. 17 Northern	58 1/2	59 1/2	58 1/2	59 1/2
No. 18 Northern	56 1/2	57 1/2	56 1/2	57 1/2
No. 19 Northern	54 1/2	55 1/2	54 1/2	55 1/2
No. 20 Northern	52 1/2	53 1/2	52 1/2	53 1/2
No. 21 Northern	50 1/2	51 1/2	50 1/2	51 1/2
No. 22 Northern	48 1/2	49 1/2	48 1/2	49 1/2
No. 23 Northern	46 1/2	47 1/2	46 1/2	47 1/2
No. 24 Northern	44 1/2	45 1/2	44 1/2	45 1/2
No. 25 Northern	42 1/2	43 1/2	42 1/2	43 1/2
No. 26 Northern	40 1/2	41 1/2	40 1/2	41 1/2
No. 27 Northern	38 1/2	39 1/2	38 1/2	39 1/2
No. 28 Northern	36 1/2	37 1/2	36 1/2	37 1/2
No. 29 Northern	34 1/2	35 1/2	34 1/2	35 1/2
No. 30 Northern	32 1/2	33 1/2	32 1/2	33 1/2
No. 31 Northern	30 1/2	31 1/2	30 1/2	31 1/2
No. 32 Northern	28 1/2	29 1/2	28 1/2	29 1/2
No. 33 Northern	26 1/2	27 1/2	26 1/2	27 1/2
No. 34 Northern	24 1/2	25 1/2	24 1/2	25 1/2
No. 35 Northern	22 1/2	23 1/2	22 1/2	23 1/2
No. 36 Northern	20 1/2	21 1/2	20 1/2	21 1/2
No. 37 Northern	18 1/2	19 1/2	18 1/2	19 1/2
No. 38 Northern	16 1/2	17 1/2	16 1/2	17 1/2
No. 39 Northern	14 1/2	15 1/2	14 1/2	15 1/2
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No. 43 Northern	6 1/2	7 1/2	6 1/2	7 1/2
No. 44 Northern	4 1/2	5 1/2	4 1/2	5 1/2
No. 45 Northern	2 1/2	3 1/2	2 1/2	3 1/2
No. 46 Northern	1 1/2	2 1/2	1 1/2	2 1/2
No. 47 Northern	1/2	1 1/2	1/2	1 1/2
No. 48 Northern	0 1/2	1 1/2	0 1/2	1 1/2
No. 49 Northern	0 1/2	1 1/2	0 1/2	1 1/2
No. 50 Northern	0 1/2	1 1/2	0 1/2	1 1/2

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No. 5 Northern	82 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2	83 1/2
No. 6 Northern	80 1/2	81 1/2	80 1/2	81 1/2
Barley				
No. 1	70 1/2	71 1/2	70 1/2	71 1/2
No. 2	68 1/2	69 1/2	68 1/2	69 1/2
No. 3	66 1/2	67 1/2	66 1/2	67 1/2
No. 4	64 1/2	65 1/2	64 1/2	65 1/2
No. 5	62 1/2	63 1/2	62 1/2	63 1/2
No. 6	60 1/2	61 1/2	60 1/2	61 1/2
Oats				
No. 1	50 1/2	51 1/2	50 1/2	51 1/2
No. 2	48 1/2	49 1/2	48 1/2	49 1/2
No. 3	46 1/2	47 1/2	46 1/2	47 1/2
No. 4	44 1/2	45 1/2	44 1/2	45 1/2
No. 5	42 1/2	43 1/2	42 1/2	43 1/2
No. 6	40 1/2	41 1/2	40 1/2	41 1/2





# *The Bulletin Magazine*

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1917.



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5.30  
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Prepare For the Winter: Suggestions of Real Value For

## Making Your Home More Comfortable

### THE OLD TIME WINDSOR CHAIRS!

These are quaint, but very comfortable; and just the thing that's wanted to supplement the larger chairs and sofas and make up the extra seating capacity of your living-room. Solid oak frames, spindles and seats, and finished in Jacobean mahogany and fumed oak finish. One of these chairs is sketched on the left.

Priced, each ..... \$9.00

### Bookcases for the Living Room or Library!

To you who desire a unique piece of furniture for the proper care of books, magazines, etc., a Bookcase in keeping with the furnishings of your home, we present this one of medium size, measuring 54 inches in height, 46 inches wide and 14 inches deep, with five shelves, adjustable to any size book, and divided into two sections with glass doors. One particularly handsome case is fashioned in William and Mary design in solid black walnut, and another in mission style in solid quarter cut oak style.

with fumed finish, at ..... \$32.00  
Black Walnut ..... \$42.00

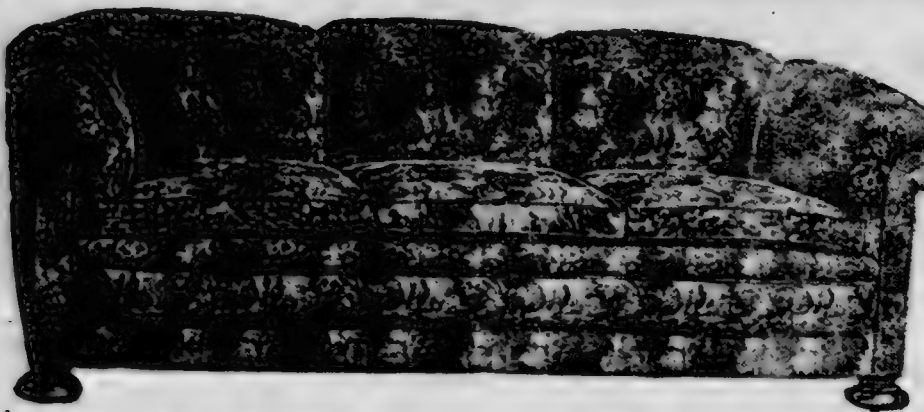
### Drop Leaf Tables Achieve Popularity

Here is an uncommon joy for people living in apartments where living-rooms and dining-rooms are combined—a Drop-leaf Table, which when the leaves are down has all the appearance of a library table, and when opened out in an oval-shaped table, large enough to accommodate four to six people.

Solid Black Walnut, each ..... \$32.00      Solid Quartered Oak, each ..... \$25.00

### Living Room Tables

It is often difficult to secure the right style of table for the other furnishings of the living room and at the same time convenient for use. Our great variety leaves nothing to be desired, from the small pedestal to the large Chesterfield Table, with ample space for books, reading lamp, work basket, etc. Priced from ..... \$3.50 to \$45.00



### YOU'LL FIND THESE CHESTERFIELDS MOST COMFORTABLE!

It is almost as reasonable to think of a bed-room without a bed or a dining-room without a table as the modern living-room without its big comfortable Chesterfield. Substantial wooden frame and spring construction, over-stuffed arms, back and edges, splendidly upholstered in beautiful tapestry; the one illustrated above is representative of this most comfortable piece of furniture. The prices are most reasonable, at \$65.00, \$90.00, \$100.00, \$125.00, \$135.00, \$185.00 and ... \$194.50

### Essential to the Living Room these Arm Chairs

They are built for solid comfort and are constructed for good service and general satisfaction, have spring edges, backs, arms and seats; some being equipped with the universally famous Marshall sanitary loose cushions; and upholstered in the same luxuriously restful manner with verdure and floral designs of English tapestry. Our prices are no higher than those which prevailed two and three years ago; you profit considerably thereby \$28.00, \$32.00, \$42.00, \$50.00, \$65.00, and ..... \$74.50

### Beautiful New and Artistic Draperies!

Cumberland Prints, Shadow  
Cloths

For those who want something extra nice for curtains, draperies, slip covers, cushion covers and all kinds of light upholstery to make your rooms glow with charm, these Cumberland prints will strike the right note with their soft, beautiful alluring color combinations and stately fascinating patterns. Materials of this kind are somewhat rare, and we pride ourselves with the beautiful selection we have to offer at such moderate prices.

31 inches wide ..... \$1.35  
Per yard .....  
52 inches wide ..... \$2.25  
Per yard ..... \$2.25

### Striped Velours—The Newest Vogue

For portieres, overdrapes, side curtains and upholstery, artists, decorators and the leading American upholsters predict a wonderful success for all the better materials. Hence these handsome Striped Velours present unusual possibilities for relieving the formality of plain cloths. Obtainable in three colors, rose, blue and brown, alternating light and dark shades, with the charming effect of being separated with a narrow black stripe. These are 50 inches wide at, per yard ..... \$3.00

### French Net Curtains Really Elegant

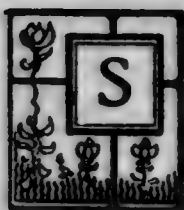
There is a strong movement in all the larger American and Canadian cities for better dressed windows, and nothing would be more appropriate than these beautiful Net Curtains with their lovely borders. These are made on hand looms by the French peasants; the centres are plain Brussels net in ecru color. Priced, per pair \$8.00 and ..... \$10.00



# SISTER SANS SANCTITY

By Arthur James Hayes

Illustrated by F. McAnelly



NOW was falling again on the Wolverine. Its ghostly descent had continued unremittingly for ten days, and all the passes over Wishawik and down the Little Otter to the entrance

of Lost Squaw Lake were blocked with ten or fifteen feet of snow.

"Clear skies and cold winds next," remarked Terry Colvin to himself. He glanced up from the trail to Little Doro-kite, presenting its bluff granite shoulders to the assault of the silent billions of snow crystals. The mountain was blurred and indistinct in the stealthy downfall, but over its jagged head he had caught a rift of bright blue in the leaden dome of the sky.

He stripped the sleek brown skin of the last mink deftly over its head and cast the flayed carcass back upon the drifts. Hardly had it left his hand when the snow that crested a tiny fir tree cascaded suddenly as the branches were agitated from beneath. He watched the glistening fringe of forest curiously.

Elsewhere along the little arc of dwarf evergreens the snow-laden twigs were scattering their crests of white and snapping back into place. Out of the white caverns created by the junction of drifts and windfalls he saw red eyes gleaming eagerly. A weasel trotted toward the bloody mink carcass, its back arched and its black-tipped tail twitching with nervous eagerness. Across from it a lynx suddenly bounded into view.

The big cat's tufted ears reverberated to its start of defiance. The big trapper stared at it with awe in his eyes. He had no fear of any of the forest creatures while the rifle swung across his shoulder, but the wary cat's temerity startled him. From habit engendered of months of utter solitude he spoke again aloud.

"Starving time," he said. "The red meat situation must be hell in Wolverine when one mink carcass will bring lynxes, weasels and wolves out on the same job."

Up and down the banks of the tiny stream other hunger-crazed beasts were working up the wind, attracted by the scent of fresh blood. Another trapper would have all but emptied his rifle there, glorying in the avalanche of furs. But Colvin trapped discriminately. Down at Lost Squaw McHarrigan, the factor, even whispered that he needn't have trapped at all if he had wished. Every two months all winter and every two weeks all summer came the thick yellow envelope that settled the question of adequate funds.

STILL the big man stayed in the hills, playing at maintaining a trapline, exclusively patronized by mink and marten and otter. The cheaper pelts never attracted him. Nor did he haggle with McHarrigan over Hudson Bay quotations on prime No. 1 furs. Anything went.

His cabin on the Wolverine was a great sprawling affair of four rooms, more elaborately fitted out than any other in the Lost Squaw country. It had Navajo blankets on the walls and a phonograph and heavy rugs and lots of other strange luxuries that had been freighted in with infinite patience and lavish expense.

He turned toward it again with a sigh of weary satisfaction. The inevitable "snowshoe pull" had set the tendons in his legs to aching acutely. Despite his brown glasses, the endless leagues of snow had begun to torture his eyes, made sensitive by recent snow blindness. As he started the ascent of the ridge again he heard a mighty volume of snarls rise from the banks of the creek. The first lynx had gone down defending his find. And the weasel hosts were closing in again with twitching noses and gleaming red eyes. They at least might pick the bones.

In his lonely cabin Colvin found two girls. One had always been very good. The other hadn't. A fascinating story of the North

Colvin shuddered as his eyes ranged the tremendous expanse of forest-covered valley stretching away below him. By tonight it would be 40 below again. The northern lights would play hissing in reds and greens and purples of wondrous delicacy of hue and pattern over the towering summit of Big Doro-kite.

The pine would crack at intervals like scattering small arm fire in a skirmish of advance guards. The aged white wolf leader of the Lost Squaw pack would bring his yelping band back into the valley for the slaughter of the yarded deer. In all that still, shimmering expanse of snow and trees and purring aurora would lurk death—death that leaped with the soft thud of feline paws or gleamed on the white tusks of the famished wolves. Death that crept slowly up the limbs and into the body and triumphed when its chill fingers had clutched the heart.

HE STRODE along briskly, noting the cessation of the snowfall and the crisp bite to the breeze. Over in the west the spruce on Manitou Ridge bulked blackly against a suddenly crimson evening sky. Already the lifting wall of the wolf pack was audible from that direction. The lynxes were due for competition.

As he turned the last curve in the narrow trail an exclamation of astonishment escaped him. The windows of the sprawling cabin gleamed redly into the dusk. From the galvanized iron chimney the smoke rose as a white spiral against the somber background of spruce trees. He had had a visitor.

The newcomer faced him composedly as he swung through the narrow door. His brown glasses "frosted" annoyingly as he stepped into the room. He removed his big mittens deliberately and then took the goggles off. Across from him a young girl was staring at him with a queer, impersonal curiosity. Her attitude was coolly assured.

"No doubt you are the host," she said with a slight smile. "As the little gathering is impromptu, I'll introduce myself. I'm Ada Evans. Dad's in charge of the Ghost Lodge Mine, on the Tamarack. Came over the ridge today for a lark. Then one of those awful snowdrifts tumbled right down beside me."

"A slide!" echoed Colvin stupidly. He stared in wonderment at the girl. Oh, yes. They're to be expected at this time. It'll be a matter of a week at least, I suppose, before the Wolverine trail is dug out again. The government has been trying for the last few years to keep it open. In the meantime your folks will be worried wild."

"No, they won't," dissented Miss Evans, smiling. "I told dad I was going to visit a while with Minnie Archer at Seven Lakes. He thinks I've gone over there, no doubt. And Minnie didn't know I was coming, so that part of it is nicely attended to."

"How did you—happen in?" he asked. He was removing his mackinaw and moccasins, in his bedroom. She sat before the open fire and called out her replies.

"Just blundered along," she said. "I was scared stiff, too. Didn't even know there was such a place. Then I saw the lamp. Your wife helped me to get off my things. I was so numb I couldn't manage my own parka."

"My wife?" ejaculated Colvin. The note of utter astonishment was not lost on the girl.

"Your daughter, then," she amended. "Only you're awfully young to have a grown daughter. Or is she your sister?"

Colvin emerged again, his feet comfortably ensconced in red felt slippers. "I am sure," he said gravely, "that I don't know what you are talking about."

"The very charming young lady now engaged in getting supper," said the girl sweetly. Her piquant, worldly-wise countenance mirrored something of amusement.

He walked over and opened the kitchen door. From the stove came the savory odor of crisping bacon. A girl turned with a startled gasp and stared at him. She was a very young, very fragile looking girl, with dark eyes and ragged, bobbed hair. Her jacket was apparently converted from an old mackinaw and her skirt was of untanned deerhide.

"Oh—good evening," she stammered. "I was—that is—you don't mind, do you—about my getting supper this way?"

"Ticked to death," boomed the best heartily. "Hate the job like sin—always did! When—when did you arrive?"

"This morning," said the girl. "I tried first for the Shoepack country—but—but I was afraid he'd head me off. So I came over to Wolverine. There'd been a slide there. I didn't know what else to do. So I—I just came in here. I'll get out again tomorrow. I—I suppose I can get over somehow."

"You won't get out again tomorrow," said Colvin gravely. "Nobody could live outdoors for six hours tomorrow in all the Wolverine. And what in the world made you struggle along for eighteen miles on a day like this—and how the devil did you do it?"

The girl shrank away from him. Her little hands were raw and chapped and fumbled nervously with the queer, sudden deer-skin skirt.

"I had to," she said. "I couldn't stand it any longer with—with Steve!"

"Steve?"

"Yes. Steve La Grange!"

"Oh," said Colvin.

Acrid fumes rose from the frying pan. "Oh!" cried the girl. "The bacon!" She sped again to remove it. But the thin slices were sorry, blackened, heat-distorted wrecks. "It's ruined!" she exclaimed. Her long-lashed brown eyes sought his pleadingly.

Colvin was reminded of a huskie he had seen being kicked to death by an enraged half-breed. There was a queer stricture in his throat.

"My fault," he said. "I shouldn't have butted in. Throw it out and we'll start again. I've got heaps of it. And the venison is right outside the door."

He turned and walked back into his living-room. The other girl had evidently overheard. He sat down and groped in his glass humidor for the cube-cut. Then he packed and lit his briar pipe. For a long time they sat in silence.

WHO—who is she? asked Miss Evans.

"Steve La Grange's woman," said Colvin. "He brought her up in this country two years ago. Then he sold the Placer Palace and moved up into Shoepack. Understand he's dodging a marshal or something from the States. Guess the girl out there and Steve had a sort of falling out."

"I thought so," said Miss Evans. There seemed to be a gleam of satisfaction in her fine eyes. "I wonder if that blue bruise on her cheek is—"

"Accident or design?" concluded Colvin rather curiously. "Well, if I know Steve, it is design. After running the biggest dance halls between here and Nome, I don't doubt he found the hermit

life pretty quiet. The alliance gets to men in different ways. I could readily believe that it would make a card sharp like La Grange a veritable devil."

The daughter of the superintendent of the Ghost Lodge Gold Mine shuddered with repulsion.

"And such—such awful clothes," she said. A dimple crept into each pink cheek. "Did you ever see anything so grotesque?"

"No," said Colvin. "I suppose there's a story behind them. Where are the rest of her legs?"

"I don't see any around," said Miss Evans. "Perhaps she's put them away somewhere."

"It's hardly probable that she'd have hid them," replied Colvin.

"Do you think she came just—just as she is?"

"Yes," he replied.

The two crackled and the girl's countenance mirrored her horrified surprise. "Eighteen miles!" she gasped. "Eighteen miles—through snow waist high with—just those things? Good heavens, how could any human being—"

"People are not always so human after they've endured enough," declared the trapper. He puffed rapidly at his pipe and the smoke mounted ceilingward.

"It's dreadful to have to be thrown in contact with such a person," said the girl. Her delicate, mobile face registered disdain unutterable.

The tall, bearded man turned and let his glance rove over the pretty features.

"You are alluding to Steve, of course?" he suggested suavely.

"I was alluding to that—dance hall girl," said Miss Evans. "At some time or other—if appearances are not too deceptive—she must have been even fairly refined, too!"

Colvin didn't answer. There was a far-away look in his eyes as he stared at the blazing birch blocks. From the kitchen came the cheery sizzling sounds of frying venison.

THE other girl appeared in the doorway.

"Supper's ready," she called.

Colvin rose. "You'll find the fare rather plain," he said, "for all Mrs. La Grange's culinary skill."

Ada Evans followed with stertor. "Don't apologize," she protested cheerfully. "I know that I'll just gorge myself. This air and the walk I've had make delicate's superfluous."

When they entered the spacious kitchen the volunteer cook had retreated again into the shadow of the big stove. The tablecloth gleamed cheerfully beneath the bracketed oil lamp. The tin plates and crockery tugs were set out for two. Colvin stared at the girl inquiringly.

"I'm—I'll eat afterward," she explained. "I—just love to wait on a table." She tried to smile, but the crimson flush that flooded her pale cheeks made the humor of the situation a rather weak and sorry thing.

"You must eat now," protested Colvin. "We don't do things that way up in the timber, you know."

The brown eyes went from his face to that of the other girl.

Miss Evans was not interested.

"I'm sure if—if Mrs. La Grange insists," she said coolly, "that we ought to defer to her wish."

The expectant light died out of the big brown eyes. "Steve's woman" retreated into the shadows again.

Colvin went over to her.

"We'll do this according to Hoyle," he said, "if you wish it that way. But as cook your duty is done for the evening, I insist that you go in and sit in front of the fire until I call you. Your clothes are still soaking!"

She smiled the most meager ghost of a smile. But the brown eyes in their slint

her clear eyes to her husband's; "but that is no excuse. It is no more necessary to lie than to steal or to commit any other sin. And," she added proudly, "you don't find it necessary to lie in your business, do you, Robert?"

Lie in his business, a business that was making now a very great deal of money! Richman did not smile, nor did he answer her directly. Perhaps he was a little proud of possessing one so far removed from the ordinary sinning mortal. Perhaps the old sense of uneasiness came over him again. It is very difficult and a trifle wearing to live up to another's ardent belief in you as a sort of superman.

But his discomfort wrought by his wife's belief in him did not operate to make him stop and look himself over, as it were, when he felt fermenting within him insidious changes. He grew to dislike those pursuits he had once enjoyed. He took strange obsessions against people he had been fond of. Perhaps he believed he had overworked, but he went into long silences, and to his horror he began to long to evade Jean and her tender ministrations. This latter manifestation truly frightened him, but he could not combat it. When he began to conjecture how it would seem to have a very human, faulty woman for a wife he looked about for some vengeful force to strike him dead.

On one occasion, when running away from this tricky wish, his young son Eugene was standing near. With no word Richman reached out and shook the lad roughly.

Jean in her chair at the window saw, but said nothing, though her eyes widened. But when Richman's paroxysms of temper became quite the usual thing, and when in time his irrationality was followed by not to be disregarded signs of moral disintegration, she almost succumbed to the double blow of hatred of the sins and loss of faith in the man she had built for herself.

Then one day of a cold, damp fall she called the family doctor in for Eugene, who had contracted a desperately bad cold. The doctor, old friend as well as physician, unwittingly put a broad thumb on her hidden woe.

"I saw Richman the other day," he said; "he's not looking himself. Has he been complaining?"

Jean's face changed quickly, but she remained proudly silent, as though in speech she might reveal some dark secret. The doctor, knowing her well, however, pressed on. He had only the desire to help her, and he knew more of Richman's retrogression than did Jean.

"How old is Richman?" he asked now.

"Forty-two," she answered.

"Ah," he said; "I've known two other men of about that age who were the victims of sudden changes in both their habits and their viewpoints. The scales of their being had swung out of the normal. Strange!"

"I can imagine," said Jean, stung to speech, "that a man might be run down from overwork and grow unreasonable for a time. I can't understand that a man's moral nature might be completely changed—for any reason."

"No one may understand," he answered. "It may be a question running deeper than any psychology can reach now."

But Jean was very far away from him there, and whether or not in her consciousness any such metamorphosis could be understood the time came when she had completely to believe that her husband was not true to her, to their vows; not even true to himself.

In the calmness of the night, when she lay with open, smarting eyes, she could not grasp the meaning of the tragedy that had befallen her. She did not, as many women do, turn to herself to see wherein she had failed. The thought of a failure meant to her a passive evil,

and of that she could never be guilty. She took up life again seemingly as before, but she had not come to her conclusions as yet. She received her husband's excuses for his long absences with an inscrutable expression. Only when he caressed his children, especially when he touched her best beloved Eugene, did she stand with nervous fingers locked behind her to keep her from tearing the boy from his clasp.

One night Richman returned home at midnight, sought out his wife and began to talk. The strange haltings in his speech fell upon her horrified

of God. She felt such a loathing for him that she was actually made physically ill whenever his image rose before her eyes.

She devoted herself to her children. In Eugene she found a lifting of her benumbed hopes. He was so greatly her own. The younger children at first asked daily for their father—missed him, in truth, since he had been kind and indulgent. Eugene never spoke his father's name. And because of this understanding silence Jean's love thrilled stronger for her first-born.

Richman had been gone a year, a year of silence except for the first two checks which came from him, and which Jean promptly returned to him. In the latter months no checks had been proffered, since he was no longer connected in any way with his old firm. A year, and then suddenly Eugene fell ill, a desperate illness—pneumonia. The boy had never been strong since the bad cold he had contracted in the fall, and now Jean knew the agony of the mother who sees her child's life threatened.

child, he was able to be propped up in bed. Jean, having banished the younger children, gave herself completely to him, a song of thanksgiving in her heart. Oh, he was here, *now*, exquisitely here, all her hopes, her great vision; her belief in man's power to make himself the high creature!

ON THE sixth day the boy suddenly put up two weak arms and drew her head down close to his lips.

"Mother," he whispered.

"Yes, darling," she answered him.

"It hurts me—here—"

"Your heart, beloved?"

"Oh, not that way, mother—" He paused, then: "I did something awful wrong in school one day—a while ago."

She smoothed his hair.

"Tell mother, little boy."

But he did not speak at once. Instead he looked up at her with the straight-eyed gaze of convalescence, when the body, cleansed by pain, the mind grows transcendently honest.

"I can't, mother," he said.

She didn't know how to take that. She waited, pondering, so as to make no mistake with a child so sensitive as Eugene. But he did not wait for her words.

"You see," he whispered, "you wouldn't understand. Father would understand! I'd rather tell father!"

The shock drove the blood from her face down to her own heart. She could hear its loud beating.

The boy went calmly to sleep, but she had sensed the longing in his voice. Was that why he had kept silence? Not then because he felt her terrible disillusion, her bitter pain; but because his desire for his father was too deep for just words!

And yet—his sensibilities were so fine, so intuitive! He must have known his father's backsliding, his weak and inexcusable turning from rectitude!

She sat on and on, trying to think things clear. But reason and intelligence so new in man are poor weapons alone. She could get nowhere. Only that she loved this child with a love that would deem no sacrifice too great to bear for him.

As the hours wore on there came piercing through everything, all she was, all she had ever been of sweetness and purity and intolerance, the staggering understanding!

To the sinner her child turned; to the sinner for charity and heart's ease!

She looked closer at the little sleeping boy. She believed she saw wisdom on his broad, white brow, a terrible straight beauty in the innocence of his lips—and yet for the sinner he yearned!

It was quite dark when Jean left her home.

Richman sat in the kitchen of the sordid little restaurant wiping dishes. For still two hours he would sit there on the low stool wiping thick dishes.

The kerosene lamp above his head flickered with the breeze from the open door, a breeze laden with the breath of cooking onions and horrible fried greases. But he went on steadily with his work. Once he wiped a chipped plate very carefully before placing it on the mounting pile before him. The proprietor was not there to shout at him for his care, and it pleased him to see that no drop of moisture remained. He had always had the passion for perfection. That trait had not left him.

He heard a footstep picking its cautious way down the side alley. After a moment he raised his heavy lids and looked up to see a woman. She came and stood before him, and his weary gaze drank in the picture of her soft lips, her deep eyes, her silver hair.

Jean, and yet a new Jean; surely the conception of a master artist who first thought of woman, for was not there a divine pity exhalant from her garments!

He was powerless to move till she drew very close and said:

"I have come to take you home, Robert."

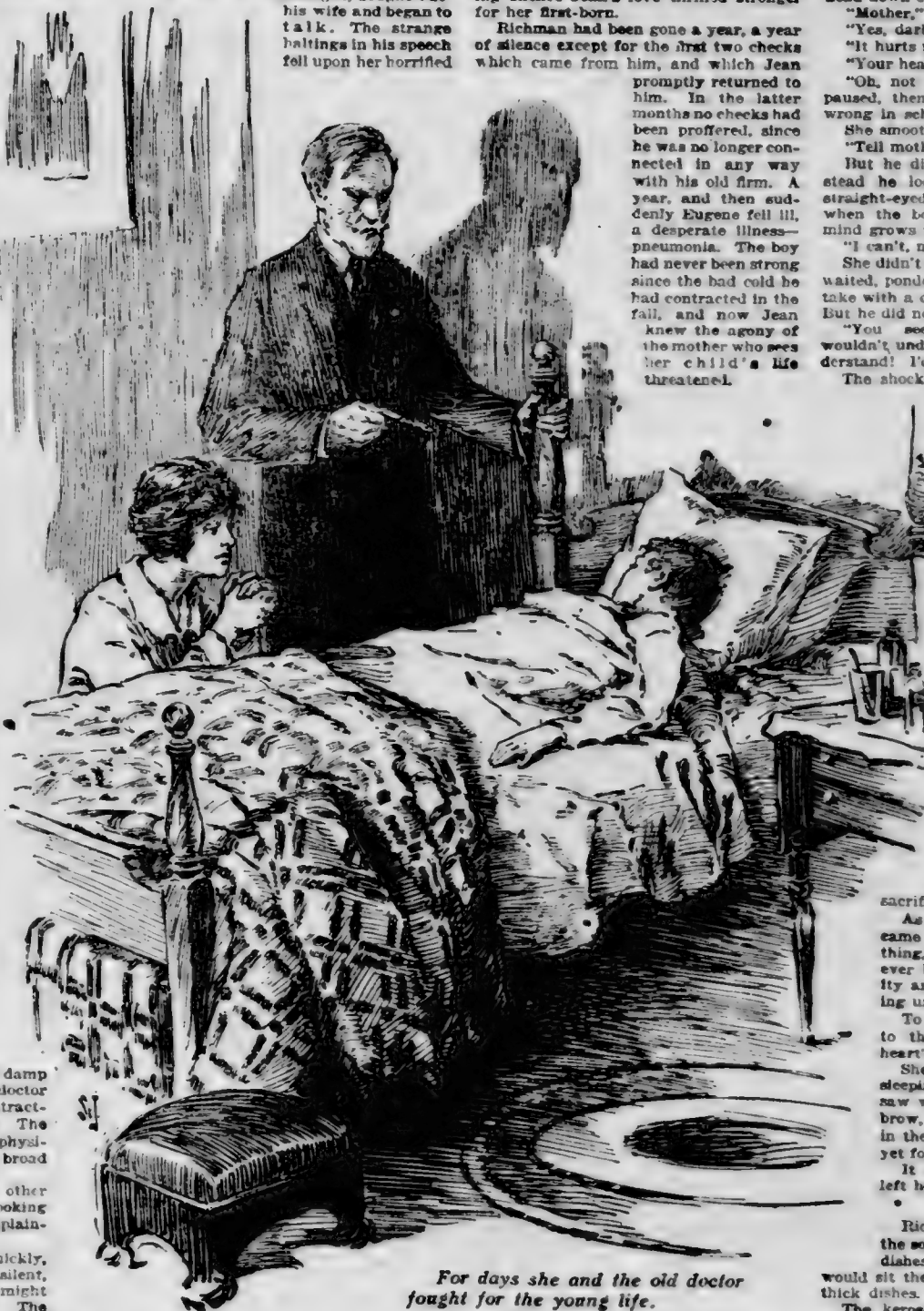
He stirred to look at her. Her eyes were steadfast.

Suddenly he fell forward and pressed his swollen lips to her skirts.

"Home!" he cried out. "Home! Oh, God!"

She bent and laid her hand gently on his head.

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For days she and the old doctor fought for the young life.

ears; his unsteady figure claimed her shamed eyes. He was intoxicated! Like a frightened animal she escaped from the room to the nursery.

But after a few moments she went to seek her husband. She had reached her decision. She found him in a blind stupor before a dying grate fire in the library. Swiftly she approached, and bending over him asked in a steady voice:

"Can you understand anything?"

He struggled to his feet, muttering.

"You must not touch my children."

She said, standing very straight before him. "I shall protect them from you with all my strength."

HE TURNED upon her then, a baleful gleam in his eyes.

"If I can't touch my own children, I'll not come here again," he told her in drunken dignity.

"Very well," she answered, and left him with no other word.

She did not see him again.

After that she moved from the large house into a small flat and took in sewing to support her children and herself. She never mentioned her husband's name. To her whose purity was like a white sea wall, steady against any onslaught, it seemed that he had passed into hell, beyond the possible forgiveness

For days she and the old doctor fought for the young life. At the end of the fifth day, at dusk, the old man turned to Jean.

"His father," he whispered.

Her lips went white.

"Where is he?" she forced herself to ask.

"In the gutter," he answered, and tried to recall his words, but it was too late.

"Tell me," she insisted.

He looked at her hands, now thin and worn; at her hair, so soon touched with white. She was very beautiful, with the lines of fine reserve and high purpose in her face; beautiful as a picture drawn by an artist who, wonderfully talented, still lacked the divine spark. With infinite compassion the old doctor answered:

"Occasionally Richman works in a night restaurant in lower Selby street; the rest of the time—"

But she silenced him and turned to the boy on the bed. She had remembered Eugene's maintained silence regarding his father. And—in the gutter, almost literally.

"Not even to see his child," she murmured.

Eugene did not die. The crisis came and miraculously was safely passed. In a week, with the great readiness of the



ing depths spelled the message of her gratitude. She went in and snuggled down in the big chair that Colvin had used with tanned moosehide. He watched her from the doorway for a minute and then quietly returned to the table.

"I've poured the coffee," dimpled Miss Evans. "That's one thing I do well."

Her bright eyes were fixed upon him in strangely intent scrutiny every time he glanced up from his plate. Miss Evans was thinking that he must be less than 30; that without a beard he'd be good looking, and that few people ever had such wonderful wine-red hair.

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AFTERWARD he reset the little board himself. Snuggled up in the great moosehide chair, the girl from Shoepack slept. When he had fried more venison and poured out the gleaming amber-hued coffee, he awakened her.

She started up abruptly and shrank away from him. Then returning comprehension dawned in her eyes. She followed him meekly into the kitchen.

He pattered around with much ostentation of labor, so that he might see the rays from the bracket lamp on the curly head, and watched the eagerness with which she assailed the venison and biscuits. The mackinaw jacket was a grotesque thing, slashed and mended and ill-fitting.

"Where are the rest of your clothes?" he queried sharply.

"Steve's got 'em," she said. "He took them all after the time I threatened to leave. I made these when he was out. Then when he went over to Larson's place I ran away."

"Pretty scant outfit for this season of the year," said Colvin gruffly.

"After you get numb enough," said the girl, "it's hardly noticeable. Anyway anything's better than—than Steve!"

"Tell me about Steve," suggested the man gently.

The little red, chapped hands were twisting a corner of the tablecloth.

"Steve?" said the girl.

"Well, Steve's the best looking, most heartless liar in the world. Steve got me out of a little town in Oregon. He had a carnival act. I thought it was pretty fine. He treated me awfully polite at first. Then we eloped. We couldn't get married in Bellingham—that was the place—because it was late at night. We registered as man and wife in Seattle. I thought we'd get married right away. I wanted that—first—you know. Every girl does."

"But Steve put it off. Said he'd make arrangements for the next day, and all that sort of thing. He got the license and told me that made it legal. I knew better. Then he said I was disgraced anyway and I could never go back home. I knew that was true. He said that a man's word was as good as a minister's, anyway. So I just kept with him because I didn't know what else to do."

"Up here he opened the Placer Queer saloon. I dealt faro and played a come-on for the crooked games and got miners to spend their money. But I wasn't—I wasn't what people thought—except with Steve. He tried to make me—like the others—but I begged him not to. Then the rumor came that a United States marshal wanted to see him."

"Steve sold out and we came up here with a few traps and a winter's supply of grub. Steve couldn't trap, of course, and the silence and quiet of the cabin nearly drove him crazy. I guess he was crazy. He used to say he was going to kill me. Then he'd sit for hours with his revolver in his hand, staring at me. Sometimes he'd move suddenly, as if I'd scream and jump. That scared to death him. When that didn't work any

more he had lots of other queer jokes. I've been choked and beaten and locked outdoors almost—almost without clothes—for hours at a time. So I ran away."

"I cached old scraps of clothes until I got enough. Then I fixed them over. The day I left I was half hoping he'd follow me, because he said if I ever tried that game he'd shoot me like a locoed maulmota. I wish he had. But I couldn't just lay down and freeze. Something inside kept me going, kept me stumbling along when the trees of the trail danced queerly, and there were alig-

"I'll wash them," he directed, "and you can wipe. After we're through it'll be time to turn in."

A mutual constraint fell upon them. They worked silently, the girl polishing the tin plates and coarse crockery mugs until they gleamed. Then he led the way into the other room.

Miss Evans scrutinized them coolly.



A strange, huddled figure crawled across the threshold.

her keen gray eyes lingering frostily upon the other girl's uncouth costume. Then she resumed her reading. Her face was half

ing noises in my ears. Then I came here.

"I'm sorry about—about coming this way. I'll get out again as soon as I can. Do you think I could get work in Yellow Bear? Scrubbing or waiting on table or anything? I'm going to be decent again—as decent as I can be after what's happened. I'm sorry I'm in here with a good girl. I know how she feels. I know how I felt about the women like me I've seen years ago in Bellingham."

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THEIR glittered in the long lashes. They trickled down the pale cheeks, too. She wiped her eyes in boyish fashion with the coarse sleeve of her mackinaw. Then she smiled a little—smiled with lips that were not too sure of themselves.

"I've got a lot of nerve pulling the sob stuff," she apologized. "I'll clear the table and wash the dishes. You'd better go in and talk to her. She isn't used to being in a place like this, I reckon."

Colvin glanced into the other room. The daughter of the superintendent of the Ghost Ledge was curled up in the moosehide chair, reading a year-old magazine. The firelight made her delicate profile seem like a cameo, and her lips were curled in an amused smile. She didn't seem to be pining for companionship.

averted, but in the oval of one pink cheek Colvin thought he saw the transient flash of a dimple.

"I'll sit in the kitchen," whispered the girl with the dark eyes, in sudden panic. "It's warm there."

Colvin fumbled in the book shelf.

"I've got some old books here," he said. "Help yourself."

She took the first volume at hand and retreated to the kitchen.

Colvin seated himself before the fire. Miss Evans closed her book and smiled at him inquiringly.

"It is—awkward, isn't it?" she said. "I thought for a moment that we'd have her—with us."

"I had hoped so," responded Colvin. The firelight glinted on his clean, bony features and on his peculiar red-brown hair and beard.

Miss Evans' rounded chin was thrust forth stubbornly.

"Your address," she said crisply, "suggests that you might appreciate the prejudice all good women have for—the other kind. I don't think that mere wilderness abolishes precedent. Yet you seem somehow to disapprove of my disinclination to—to be effusively friendly."

"I defer to your viewpoint," he replied dryly. "I suppose a fellow up here loses something of the civilized perspective."

But the girl is so young and so utterly a victim of circumstance—"

"I have observed," said Miss Evans in an exasperatingly languid drawl, "that the sordid details of all of these cases are much alike. They're hardly worth discussing, are they?"

"Hardly," assented Colvin. "I hold that argument is futile to sway prejudices of faith and morals. I recall that there was a great figure in history—a Man from Galilee—who tried to alter the then prevailing penchant for stoning such women. The question of the first stone has always been waived by successive generations of womanhood."

Miss Evans' countenance was very pink and her gray eyes were angry.

"I hold for the Pharisees," she said tartly. "They have been always the world's stabilizer against maudlin sentiment and freak radicalism."

Then only the crackling of the embers and the roaring wail of the wind in the pines broke the silence of the dimly lit room. Colvin rose and lugged blankets from a big cedar chest into the other bedroom.

"There are two bunks," he explained to Miss Evans.

"Tomorrow I am going to resurrect some broadcloth

blankets. Perhaps between the two of you—working separately with me as official emissary—you might create a more suitable costume for Mrs. La Grange."

"I should be delighted to assist so practically," said the daughter of the Ghost Ledge facetiously. "It's really much better than merely fawning upon her."

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IT WAS 53 below by the little thermometer hanging outside the door when Colvin looked the next morning. The sun was shining—as it always is, paradoxically enough, during really cold days in the North.

When he awoke he found the girl with the bobbed hair already astir in the kitchen. They ate breakfast together, in anticipation of a very late arising by Miss Evans. Nor in this were they mistaken. Colvin had carried in wood and La Grange's woman had tidied the entire house before the other girl made her appearance. By daylight she looked even more beautiful than on the previous evening.

Her complexion was of the peculiar rose and white tint that nature vouchsafes to the blond Irish. Her gray eyes were large and long and her trim figure vibrant with life.

Colvin, seated again before the fireplace, stared furtively from one to the other. Miss Evans' shimmering hair was like beaten gold, and was looped up in heavy coils about her little head. The other girl's hair was black, and framed a small, rather square countenance, with a short, straight nose and brown eyes. The blue bruise on her face was fainter now, and the pale cheeks were slightly flushed. She grasped the heavy army broadcloth eagerly.

"I'm just crazy to have something of that kind to do," she said.

"You lay out the skirt," said Miss Evans impersonally, "and I'll attempt the jacket. I used to be fairly skillful."

Back in his own chair, the red-bearded man seemed to drowse as they worked. But in reality he was watching keenly. The necessary intimacy of the work brought the golden hair and the black very close together on occasion. He made his right to prepare dinner mandatory. All afternoon they labored. They repaired to the warm kitchen for necessary privacy for fittings.

The next day found the amorphous sections of cloth assuming form and contour. By evening it was done. To Colvin's nontechnical and unblased eyes it seemed that Miss Evans was really more proficient than the other girl. Certainly

ter than any that he had ever seen, except possibly those that he and McCann had watched when on shore leave at Tunis.

And when the girl had finished the approving applause of Big Logan's hands rang through the cafe like the report of a rapid-fire gun. Praise where praise is due was one of Logan's main creeds, and the girl had done well. Hence, notwithstanding the black, sullen glances that the other spectators cast upon him, he clapped for an encore. When that was refused he philosophically lit another cheroot and called for another drink. This time the drink was brought him without the accustomed flow of language, and he turned again, in pleased contemplation, to the stage.

Then from the wings there leaped a man in the uniform of the country—a uniform which is, however, but seldom seen upon its barefooted, rag-bag-dressed soldiers. His red coat with its gold frogs and his snow-white trousers and gaiters flashed alluringly in the footlights, and the shining sword that he drew belatedly from its scabbard and waved about his head as he began to sing in a wild, musical minor, gleamed bravely against the dull back-drop. And then, when he finished the first verse of the song, and, drawing from the breast of his coat the triple-barred flag of the little republic, waved it madly above his head, a storm of enthusiasm swept through the place. The spectators rose to their feet and vented their approval in shrill, excited cries.

It pleased Logan, too, even more than had the dance which preceded. He had seen that before. This was new. And the thunderous applause of his hamlike hands rent the air even above all the tumult about him.

"You're all right, Bill!" he assured the singer in stentorian tones. "You've got 'em goin'. Give us the next verse an' then the dance, an' show 'em you ain't no supper show!"

When the ringing applause had subsided so that the wallings of the orchestra were again audible, the singer, with another flourish or two of his sword, began the second verse. The audience eyed him tensely, eagerly, enthusiastically with that ever ready frenzy of feeling—that ill-balanced, unweighing, irrational emotion that is the very root and fiber of the Spanish-American peoples. And Logan, too, leaning back in his chair and puffing contentedly upon his cheroot, gave himself up to the enjoyment of the scene.

As before, at the conclusion of the verse, the singer drew from beneath his coat a flag. But this one he did not wave above his head. Instead, he cast it upon the boards at his feet, and, pointing his sword at it, spat upon and trampled it. The audience shrieked approval, for it was the accursed flag of that doubly accursed nation, the United States.

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III.

FOR a moment Big Logan sat paralyzed. Then, with a bellow like that of a wounded buffalo, he charged across the cafe. Tables, chairs, spectators all went down before him like reeds before

an elephant. Seven leaps took him to the stage. The musicians in the orchestra and their instruments were scattered to right and left. In another second Big Logan had the singer by the scruff of his neck and was beating him with the flat of his own sword as a conscientious hired man beats a dusty carpet.

"Ye murderin' bla'guard!" he roared. "Wha' d' ye mean, ye poor, pop-eyed little dago, by playin' them shady tricks around where there's white men? Why, ye fat-headed lobster, if it was any other flag, I'd make ye eat it! I'd make ye eat it twice! I would not! Ye poor, ignorant, hod-carryin' little Guinea!"

Every word the sailor spoke was accompanied by a blow that brought dust from the red coat and white trousers, and yells from the half-throttled man of songs. With a final whack, which broke the sword, Big Logan held the singer out and drop-kicked him over the footlights. Then, stooping, he raised from the floor the dishonored flag, and, draping it about his neck carefully, that no fold might touch the stage and therefore attain further contamination, he faced the audience.

They did not keep him waiting unduly. With savage, staring eyes, and wild, furious yells, they charged forward. Logan saw them coming, and made ready by leaning over and plucking a chair from the orchestra. And the first citizen of that tropical republic to reach the stage struck on the back of his head among the musicians, with two legs and a round of the chair dangling about his neck. And Logan roared, "One!"

Number two, a small man with a large mustache, the waxed ends of which were a constant menace to his eyes, joined number one with another leg of the chair, and was scored with a vociferous "Two!"

Numbers three, four and five he kicked under their respective blue-black chins as they were trying to crawl over the footlights, and number six he caught on the point of the jaw with a left swing that carried him clear over the heads of his many prospective victims.

Numbers seven and eight were swept from the stage, after gaining a foothold, by a swinging blow with the remainder of the chair, and number nine Logan caught in the pit of the stomach with the toe of his heavy shoe. Thereupon number nine, who was more than usually corpulent for that climate, ceased to take an active and immediate interest in the doings of his fellow republicans.

Numbers ten, eleven and twelve he caught with a sweep of the last leg of the chair, which was all that remained of that useful weapon; and they, too, disappeared from view. At this numbers from thirteen to one hundred and eighty-nine, inclusive, hesitated; and had it not been for one unnumbered person, Logan in all probability would have been the Nelson of that particular Trafalgar. The unnumbered one was the black-haired girl who was a "dead ringer" for Maggie O'Brien, and who, creeping stealthily out from the wings, leaped upon Logan from behind and wound her arms about his neck.

Now Logan, of course, could not hit a lady with a chair leg, particularly when that lady was a "ringer" for Maggie O'Brien; and numbers from thirteen to

one hundred and eighty-nine, inclusive, seeing how were the mighty fallen, swarmed over the footlights like bees in August. In an instant the sailor and the black-haired girl were covered with seven layers of tropical republicans with rage in their hearts and knives in their hands.

The very thickness of the covering, however, proved a saving grace, for it prevented it from using its knives. And before it could reorganize itself for accurate and successful stabbing, a squad of bluejackets entered the cafe. They were out looking for Logan, and, hearing a tumult, had decided, and rightly, that Logan was there. It was a theory that anyone who knew Logan might evolve without excessive strain upon his deductive faculties.

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AS THE bluejackets entered the cafe and stopped short to survey the scene before them, they heard percolating through the heap of struggling, yelling, cursing humanity some good English ward English that did not suffer through effeminacy.

"Lemme up, confound ye, lemme up! Lemme up an' I'll fight the whole gang with me hands tied behind me back an' me feet in me lap. Lemme up, I say, lemme up!" and the whole pile surged and rolled.

"Leggo me neck, Maggie girl!" came trickling again through the crevices of the heap of catlike humanity. "Leggo me neck, can't ye? How can I gouge 'em with you hangin' onto me like a Twenty-third street counter-jumper onto a Broadway car? Leggo me neck! Leggo!" And again the pile rocked and heaved.

At this juncture the squad took a hand. McCann, Slattery and Shorty Emmons undertook to disintegrate the heap, and the rest formed in a line to the nearest window. As each struggling, fighting, clawing, cursing tropical republican was torn from the pile which covered his prey he was hit on the jaw, his knife taken away from him, and then he was quickly passed along a waiting line to be precipitated out through the window. The first man took the sash and both blinds with him. For the rest it was more simple.

At length they excavated Logan, who hit the helpful McCann a left-hand swing on the jaw before he discovered his identity. But the language that burst from McCann quickly revealed to Logan that at least he was in the hands of friends. The black-haired girl, also perceiving this, unwound her arms from Logan's neck and stood beside him, sullen and defiant, disdaining to run, her bosom heaving.

Logan slowly rose to his feet. One eye was closed, two teeth were missing, and his firm, hard flesh was visible through half a hundred rents in his green frock coat and sailor pants. Observing the girl, he extended his hand.

"You fought foul," he said, "but you was game. Shake!"

The girl did not take his hand. Instead, she stared at him defiantly, vindictively, and hissed in sibilant Spanish. "What does she say?" demanded Logan of McCann.

"She says, 'On yer way, ye big stiff!'"

replied McCann, voicing the girl's thoughts, if not her words, with surprising accuracy.

Logan turned back to the girl.

"Well," he said, "if that's the way ye feel about it, all right. But if ever ye come ter old N' York an' I'm there, I'll show ye the time o' yer life. Look me up at Gold Dollar Murphy's. So long!"

Then it was that the Kid's eyes fell upon the flag.

"Hello," he said, "what's that?"

"The flag," returned Logan. "What did ye think it was—a necktie?"

"But how did it come there?" questioned the lieutenant in command of the squad, who had just returned from watching the last tropical republican's exit through the window.

Logan told him. The lieutenant smiled.

"Logan," he said, "I think I understand why you are away without leave. You came ashore with the quartermaster, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir," answered Logan.

"And then you got separated from the squad in the darkness," continued the lieutenant, "and you were trying to find the other men when you chanced to look in here and saw this singer insult the flag, and—"

"Why, no, sir," interrupted Logan. "It was this way. I—"

McCann nudged him quickly and forcibly in the ribs.

"Say 'yes,' ye big lobster!" he whispered.

Logan understood.

"Yes, sir," he said quickly.

"And of course," continued the lieutenant, "you couldn't stand by and see that happen, so—"

He waved his hand about him comprehensively.

"Yes, sir," said Logan. "That's right, sir. I'm a old lady if you don't tell it better'n I could meself!"

The lieutenant thought a moment.

"Well," he said at length, "under the circumstances I think that I can make explanations for you, and there will probably be no charges preferred." And the lieutenant, who was a man as well as an officer and a gentleman, grinned.

"Yes, sir. Thank ye, sir!"

And Logan grinned, too, though his grin was not as successful as it doubtless would have been if one eye had not been closed and two teeth missing.

"And by the way," went on the lieutenant, "that coat—he surveyed the stained and sadly dilapidated garment critically—"is scarcely becoming to your style of beauty. Suppose you shed it. It's a warm night, and the Watch and Ward Society are not over strict down here."

On the way back to the landing pier the Kid edged over to Logan's side.

"Say, Big," he said with tentative timidity, "it was the flag that started it all, wasn't it?"

"You're on," nodded Logan.

"But," objected the Kid, "you yourself said, 'T' hell with the flag!' I heard you."

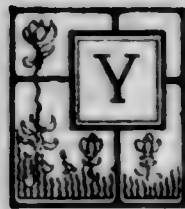
Big Logan turned his one open eye upon the lad.

"Me boy," he said, "there's many the time I've called meself a liar an' a fool; but nobody else ever called me so an' kep out o' the hospitable or the morgue!"

## TO THE SINNER A LILY

By Emily Calvin Blake

Illustrated by J. Allen St. John



YOU'VE known the kind of woman I would picture. In point of resemblance at least: a deep bosomed mother-woman, rather large, slow and graceful in movement, velvet-voiced, with white, capable hands and

a sort of strong placidity.

Jean Richman, the one of whom I write, with her deep, faithful blue eyes, her black hair wound about her head in one thick braid, made me always wish that I were an artist and that I might pose her as a cosmic Madonna figure. She had, of course, the unyielding, doctrinal standard of morals that the wholly maternal nature nearly always holds.

For the Madonna instinct was her leading theme. She had been a sheltered girl and had gone to Richman with an almost religious determination to make of her new home a shrine of beauty and goodness, a fitting temple for her children. Her duty toward her husband was as strictly defined as his toward her, and so she put most of her thoughts on the children that were to be hers.

Two boys and a girl were born to her, and the eldest boy alone resembled his mother. At the time I wrote Eugene was nearly 11, a tall, handsome lad with faithful blue eyes and straight, firm lips,

He of all Jean's children thrived best in the rather austere atmosphere of his home. The others, of less spiritual type, fretted against their mother's rigid principles; fretted none the less deeply because they were quite unconscious of their resentments; only Jean knew that these two were hard to manage. They went into sulky moods, following quickly a swift, joyous mood; they crept as though deadened, silent and pouting, into far corners.

But Eugene moved carelessly and beautifully through his days; always, it seemed, he stayed on the same heights. In him the mother's heart rejoiced. He really contributed more to her feeling of security and belief in the high purpose of life than any other factor. With his fine spun beauty of face and character he seemed to be a living expression of her ideals and her convictions.

For of course Jean held no philosophy; she held unshakable convictions,

Women, and men, had certain paths laid out for them to follow; at no matter what cost they should walk those straight and narrow paths, turn aside from all temptations, flee desperately from evil.

I've often thought that her husband, with his wider man-vision and experience, should have told her in the beginning of their lives together that evil is not always to be recognized. Evil does not wear a grinning, fearful mask; in truth, it is sometimes enchanting to look upon.

But Robert Richman was too much in love with his wife's real beauty of spirit to think himself worthy to set her straight on worldly things. They had lived together ten years or more when he first admitted to himself that her judgments were a trifle harsh. But he was analyst sufficient to know that you can't have a purity such as his Jean's and also find tolerance.

Jean was his dear wife, the wife he had dreamed of when a youth. Their three children added to his pride and often to his amazement that such good fortune should be his.

But about himself he cherished no illusions, so that often he was embarrassed by Jean's absolute belief in him. And yet Richman knew himself no god. He was just average man, sticking as closely as his nature would let him to the man-approved code of virtues.

When Richman was nearing 42 the steel business of which he was the head took on an importance that brought greater and greater responsibility to him. Midnight often found him returning home, but Jean was always waiting to greet him. Unnervous and restless, she acted like a sedative upon him. His increasing moods of irritation did not seem to trouble her; indeed, only draw more deeply on the maternal part of her.

On one of the rare nights when Richman dined at home he noticed that Katharine, a maid who had been with the family a long time, was absent. He inquired for her.

"She's gone," said Jean calmly, and when pressed she admitted that Katharine had told her a lie, a very unnecessary lie relating to her work.

Hearing the circumstances, Richman was quiet a moment. Then he ventured: "But Jean, the girl probably regretted the moment she had told the lie."

"Perhaps," Jean answered, raising



she worked more systematically and with greater speed.

"Whatever," he thought, "she may lack in the milk of human kindness, an efficiency engineer would rate her about 25."

The new suit fitted trimly. It made the very slender figure suddenly beautiful with a new assurance. The effect stimulated Miss Evans' unwilling interest.

Colvin took a brief stroll down the trail, just to relieve the cabin of the ten-

## CITY PASTELS

By Ethel M. Colson.



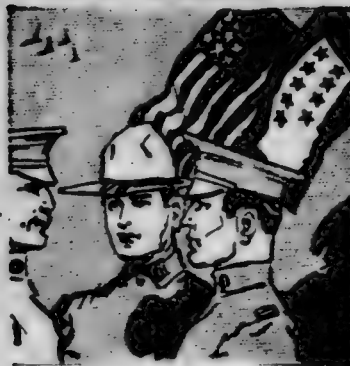
### THE DREAMER.

I often think that I could see  
The country child I used to be;  
Or, even briefly, feel and know  
The joy-pulse city life made slow;  
But sometimes, when the wind blows soft,  
When twinkling stars shine bright aloft—  
A gleaming veil of silver rain,  
A butterfly beyond the pain—  
The country child I used to be  
Springs suddenly to life in me.



### THE FOUNTAIN.

The little civic fountain  
Leaps, flashing, in the light,  
And through the purple shadows  
When day has taken flight;  
To thoughts of simple gladness  
It lifts the weary mind—  
Till all the sordid city  
Seems innocent and kind.



### THE SOLDIERS.

The town is full of soldiers;  
I love them, one and all,  
The slender and the sturdy,  
The boyish and the tall;  
If I could only stars with them  
The pride they bring to be,  
These countless men in khaki  
Who go to fight for me.

sion of his presence. When he returned the smaller girl seemed somehow altered in appearance. At first he could not account for the transition. Then he understood.

The ends of her raggedly bobbed hair had been trimmed to an even symmetry, and one portion of it had been caught up in a red ribbon. It made her look like a charming soubrette playing a juvenile in a schoolroom setting. Something white gleamed in Miss Evans' lap, and she was stitching busily. Colvin seated himself at the window, with his back to the improvised workshop. The quizzical wrinkles about the corners of his eyes had deepened.

They talked of many things that evening—Miss Evans and the trapper. Without the first circle of light sat La Grange's woman, listening eagerly. She was snuggled up in a big rustic chair like a child, and Colvin found it hard to realize that she had long been "eldest-kicker" to the famous Velvet Steve La Grange. The conversation must have been out of her depth most of the time.

MISS EVANS steered the talk carefully through different channels of travel, art and history. Everywhere she seemed satisfied that Colvin was at least her equal in breadth of knowledge. Then he took the initiative, threading through astronomy and archaeology with a quiet delight at her discomfort. She had begun by sounding out his knowledge; now he was concluding by vanquishing her on uncharted seas of science. Her keen gray eyes seldom wandered from his profile as he stared into the ruddy flames. Over on the other side, mouse-quiet in the semi-gloom, La Grange's woman watched him, too. Her little chapped hands clutched the arms of the chair tightly. It seemed that there were tears in her eyes.

Silence had fallen about the little group. From the distant ridges of Dorokite came eerily the faint, thin volume of sound that rose from the throats of a score or more of wolves.

"An awful night to be out there," said Ada Evans. She shuddered at the visions conjured up by her imagination.

Then the frozen snow crackled sharply in the clearing. Something that whined like a dog scratched at the door.

"A lost malamute, poor devil," said Colvin. He threw the door open.

A strange, huddled figure crawled across the threshold. Colvin smothered a curse of astonishment and the girls gasped. The crawling figure started blindly in a queer circle about the room. It was a Cree squaw. That much was evident, even though the coarse blanket

and buckskin skirt were white with frost rime.

She turned her face toward the light. It was queerly mottled with red and purple splotches and swollen until the little, beady eyes were almost closed.

"Good God!" cried Colvin. Instinctively he shrank away from her.

Miss Evans screamed shrilly.

"The red plague!" he cried.

Even as they stared the dying squaw collapsed limply. From beneath the blanket came a thin, wailing sound.

Conquering a strong feeling of repulsion, he lifted the dirty blanket. A tiny papoose stared up at him solemnly. Its clear copper skin was unmarked with the sign manual of the dread scourge.

He straightened up and stared at the other occupants of the room.

"The papoose," he said; "we've got to take the chance!"

"But smallpox!" cried Miss Evans. Her eyes were wide and staring with stark, unreasoning fear. "There's three of us to think of. And no remedies."

"It's a human life," replied Colvin. "And it hasn't caught the disease, apparently. There's but little danger from—this." He indicated the dead squaw. "The cold will see to that until we can rid ourselves of it. No doubt it has wiped out that little encampment over on Wapiti. The poor devil tried to seek assistance—crazy as a loon toward the end, I suppose."

He dragged the body away from the threshold and buried it deep in one of the wind-corroged drifts. When he returned Miss Evans stood alone in the middle of the room.

"They're in there," she said in an awed voice. "That—that creature is going to take a chance with the baby. We're to pass food in and water—once a day. The condensed milk, she thinks, properly diluted, may save it."

Colvin, thrilling to the heroism of the sacrifice, walked over to the closed door. From within came a strong, pungent odor.

"I'm burning the rags it wore," said La Grange's woman, as his footsteps ceased.

"Have you ever been immunized?" he asked.

"No," she said. "But I'm not afraid."

Twice a day, through a tiny aperture in the window, Colvin delivered food and milk from the outside. There was no means of maintaining a fire in the bedroom, and the girl sat for hours together huddled up in blankets, with the little figure upon her knee.

Frequently Colvin and Miss Evans took brief walks along the ridge. The girl manipulated the cumbersome snowshoes as easily as he did. The crisp, still air brought a bright red color to her

cheeks, and her gay laughter was easily elicited. Helping her over fallen spruces and through the tortuous trails of Dorokite, Colvin was conscious of a new thrill as he looked into her eyes and felt her arm brush his.

Back in the cabin a greater friendliness, too, was manifest. They laughed and joked about the tasks which she insisted upon sharing. Ada Evans was decidedly more at ease.

One night they stood at the open door and stared over the shimmering silver and ebony splendor of the frosted peaks and sprawling forest. Her hand was very near his.

Impulse prompted him to clasp it. She didn't withdraw it right away. And when she did she looked at him, and he saw with a quickening pulse that her eyes were soft and that she was smiling.

"Tomorrow," he said, "will see the end of—of your visit. The government snow plow will have bucked its way through Wolverine's slide by that time. Will you be—very glad?"

"I don't know," said the girl. "Do—do you have to remain here?"

"No," said the man. "It's just a whim of mine—a heritage of misanthropy from my experience with another girl some years ago."

"You were very young then," disparaged the girl, her lips rather tremulous. "Perhaps it wasn't real love. Perhaps now you—you might find a better kind!"

"Perhaps," said Colvin gently. From the cloistered bedroom came the thin wall of the papoose. He was over there instantly.

"He's just crying for exercise," said La Grange's woman. "He's too fat and dear for anything. And there is no sign of—of anything!"

THE next day a cheering throng of machinaw-clad men dashed into the clearing. With them was the superintendent of the Ghost Lodge workings.

"I'd heard from Miss Archer that she hadn't arrived," he explained afterward. "I was worried almost crazy. Then they found the body of this fellow La Grange—seems to have been pretty well finished by the wolves—and I thought that Ada might have suffered the same fate."

Later in the day, whether they had gone up the trail to say farewell, she turned and looked at him with misty eyes.

"You'll come and see me, won't you?" she asked. "I—I'd like to go on with those terribly learned discussions. There aren't many people here who can vanquish me as you do!"

"I'll come on one condition," said Colvin.

"And that is—"

Her cheeks were very pink again, and her gray eyes teased and lured him.

"If you'll let me bring my wife!"

"Oh," said the girl. The color drained out of the dimpled cheeks and the light in her eyes went dead. "You mean that—"

"Yes," said Colvin. "Somehow I'd never be happy—anywhere else. I think that she'll probably love me better and more loyally because of her—her heritage from Steve!"

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## WHEN OBADIAH TARRIED

By Hazel Canning

"Well," said I, "if he's come home every night for thirty years, I'd trust him one night more."

Six-thirty, and no Obadiah.

"Will I ever see my darling again?" wept Mrs. Brown.

Is it possible that that scowling, gnarled-limbed, ridiculous old chap really means so much to funny Mrs. Brown? Tell me, wife of Obadiah, aren't you fooling?

"Where—oh, where can my sweetheart be?"

"Eloping with a fairer and a younger face," said I, wildly.

"I know it," Mrs. Brown jumped to conclusions. "I know it. It's the way of all men. Only yesterday Millicent Highflyer, in advice to the heartsease, said—oh, who has robbed me of my Obadiah?"

"Perhaps," I counseled, just to divert her mind, "perhaps a chorus girl."

"What I always feared," hoarsely whispered Mrs. Brown. "Men—even the best of them." So spoke his wife. And Obadiah was a Sabbath school superintendent.

"Cheer up, Mrs. Brown," said I, "no sane man would ever desert such a good cook as you."

"I do make a good pie," she allowed, complacently, and then she was back to her thesis. "To think—that after thirty

years—I should desert me this way—and on and on, a foolish amount of anguish to spend on a double-chinned, gold-toothed, 60-year-old who happened to be a little late to his supper. And then the door key clicked in the latch.

"Oh, father!" Mrs. Brown gasped.

the hall.

"Maria!"

"Darling Obadiah!"

And she threw her arms about her darling's neck. That wasn't all. She shouldn't have looked. No, I shouldn't, but I just couldn't help it.

"Darling," she wept, "how good to get you back again. The earned rest has been ready this half hour."

"Toodleums"—from Obadiah, who what I have brought you? And he handed out a gold bracelet. He wasn't even graceful enough to place it on her wrist.

A gold bracelet, just fancy, for hard-wristed Maria! That was anxiously stored in the house of Brown. Which prompts the question.

Is romance dead yet?

Oh, no, romance is not dead yet. It still survives, in bracelets on bony wrists and under chest protectors in the bosoms of middle-aged gentlemen.

And my prayer?

Deliver me, oh Lord, from romance, till I am 60. For after that there is no help.

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# THE BACKSLIDER

By Porter Emerson Browne

Illustrated by M. D. Smith



WHEN the sun at length had set, and the deck no longer fried the soles of a man's feet, Big Logan sprawled his huge body and long limbs over the hard surface, so that the soft, fragrant breeze of the tropical night might

play as freely as possible over the vast expanse of scantily draped nudity that he exposed to its cooling breath.

His head, pillowed upon one knotty arm, was turned toward the shore, where black mountains drew a ragged skyline against the star-studded heavens. At the water's edge he could see the lights of the little city in which sizzled the pot of strife that the U. S. S. Eagle lay watching, lest, in the event of its boiling over, it should scald some American citizen.

Big Logan's eyes dwelt long upon the nestling city, then wandered morosely down the tossing, scintillating paths of radiance that led from it even to the very sides of the floating fortress upon which he lay. At length he heaved an explosive sigh that might have meant many things, but surely not contentment.

"I wish," he observed at length, "that them Eskimos would take a chance at a revolution an' give us a show ter get cooled off good just once!"

Spider McCann, who lay next him, turned upon his elbow.

"Kickin' again?" he murmured wearily. "Wha' d' ye want—the earth? Yer oughter be glad y' ain't in jail instead o' hollerin' because yer can't spend the fullness of yer glorious young manhood hangin' out in a Cooney Island dance hall."

McCann was a philosopher. Logan turned upon him disgustedly.

"You gimme a pain in the neck," he vouchsafed disgustedly.

"The same ter you, an' many o' 'em," returned McCann politely, as he rolled over upon the flat of his back.

There was a pause, broken only by the soft lapping of the waves against the steel sides of the ship, and the quavering melodies of a distant band borne upon the night wind from the city before them. It was Logan who broke the silence.

Big Logan might say what he pleased about the flag, but let anybody else try it and there was sure to be all kinds of trouble

"I've got enough o' this," he grumbled, "an' I knows when I've got enough. I fought for Uncle Sam now fer eight year, an' all I got ter show fer it is a hole in me arm as big as yer head." Logan's Irish ancestry would protrude itself at times.

"It's too bad ye didn't get a hole in yer head as big as yer arm, ye big, overgrown Turk!" muttered McCann by way of response. "If it wasn't for Uncle Sam ye'd now be settin' by a peat fire with no shoes on yer feet, an' a cold spud in yer dinin'-room, an' the next one two days off an' liable ter be further!"

Logan heeded him not.

"I've always wanted ter live like a man instead of a bloomin' barnacle," he muttered silently. "This ain't livin'. I want ter be round where there's men an' women an' lights an' theaters an' beer, an' where you can sleep at night if ye want an' stay awake if ye don't, an' where some little 2-cent guy don't come along an' tell ye ter do this an' ye gotter do it, an' ter do that an' ye gotter do that, too. The sea wasn't never meant for me, nohow. It's fer fishes!"

"Well, what did ye come fer?" queried McCann pertinently. "You wasn't shanghaied, was ye?"

"Because I was a fool," returned Logan. "That's why."

"We was onto that before," said McCann insultingly.

Logan raised himself again upon his elbow.

"Well, what did you come fer?" he demanded.

"Twenty-four dollars a month an' keep," returned the practical McCann.

"And to fight for the flag," added the Kid, just enlisted.

Logan scowled truculently.

"Ter fight for the flag!" he repeated sarcastically. (And then, savagely, he cried: "T' hell with the flag!" and again, "T' hell with the flag!")

He rose shamblingly to his feet and stumped forward. McCann and the Kid turned and watched his retreating figure.

ure, the latter wonderingly, the former understandingly.

"He said, 'T' hell with the flag!'" murmured the Kid in awed tones.

"He meant it, too," replied McCann. "He means it now, an' he may mean it ter-morrer. If he does—"

"Do you s'pose," began the Kid, afraid to voice awful fears, "do you s'pose—"

"Yes, I do," interrupted McCann. "Logan'll desert."

And he did.

II

THE plaza lay in the semi-darkness of a tropical city after night had fallen, for the light from the pitiful little lamps that adorned curb and cafe died even before it reached the spreading trees across the roughly cobbled street.

With his head erect and his arms swinging loosely, Logan elbowed his way cheerfully along the crowded sidewalk. He was clad in a black frock coat that had long since shed a luster like that of stove polish to take on a dull, sickly, weather-beaten green. It failed to come within eight inches of meeting across his chest, and the ends of the sleeves clung tightly to his arms midway between wrist and elbow. Upon his head was a battered derby hat, a memento of some uncompromising tourist, and about his massive legs flapped the loose fullness of his navy trousers. In his mouth was the end of a long and exceedingly black cheroot, and in his heart was a sense of delight that had not been his since the days when he had "akum away" from the halls of learning in "de Ate" to shoot craps and pitch pennies behind Gold Dollar Murphy's Bowery saloon.

The frowning glances of the populace, which greeted him with a respect that his size demanded and with a disrespect which his nationality commanded, dimmed his prospect not at all. The fact that his country was down in red ink in the black books of this little republic of the tropics disturbed him even less than

if he had been told that "de gang" had incurred the enmity of the Houston Street Day Nursery. If the "daggers" didn't like him, they knew what they could do. Pulling placidly on his cheroot, he stopped to look across the lamplit plaza and to wish that Maggie O'Brien were with him, so that they could occupy one of the benches which he could indistinctly see in the darkness across from where he stood.

"A bench without a girl is worse'n a girl without a bench," he soliloquized; then, being of a gregarious turn of mind, and likewise thirsty, he swung on his heel and entered the cafe behind him, from which came the light, fleshless music of a string band. Gaily clad men and women, black eyed and black haired, were seated about the room, but the laughter of the place was dead, and in its stead was the smitten spirit of unrest. At the far end of the room was a small stage, and before it was seated the orchestra that he had heard.

Big Logan seated himself at a vacant table and beckoned a waiter to his side. The waiter came reluctantly, with bristling mustache and swollen, shifting eyes. Logan nodded to him pleasantly, as befits a man care-free and dutyless—a man who woos pleasure for pleasure's sake.

"D evenin'," he said, his big bawling ring even above the wallings of the orchestra. "Bring me a slug o' rye, Bill. I'm dry as a covered bridge; an' have somethin' fer yerself."

The waiter's reply was an expostulating flood of bastard Spanish. Logan waited patiently for a time; then, when he deemed that the waiter had held the floor long enough, he interrupted.

"All right, all right," he said. "Tell yer hard luck stories ter the cops. I'm thirsty."

Again the waiter broke forth into a rollicking flood of musical vowels. But musical vowels were not what Logan wanted. He rose to his feet and pointed to a glass on a neighboring table.

"The same," he said threateningly. "Fronto!"

It was brought him. Sipping from his glass and puffing on his cheroot, Logan turned pleased and patronizing eyes upon the stage, where now a vaudeville performance was in progress. Of course it was not like that which one might see any night at One-Eyed Doheny's place on Third avenue, but still it wasn't so bad. A black-haired girl, who was a "dead ringer" for Maggie O'Brien, danced bet-

"You fought foul," he said, "but you was game. Shake!"





# WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY



By Juanita Hamel

**O**UT in God's glorious autumn air, where the late autumn sun occasionally breaks through the slowly drifting clouds and tints with gold the purple, low-hanging haze, a sharp, exhilarating breeze whips the spray of the choppy white-capped wave far up on the yellow sands, and traveling on to the wooded park it catches and whirls the fallen red-tinged leaves in spirals here and there. It catches, too—that naughty wind—the shimmering sheath of a young maid's skirt as she trips along the shaded

paths of the park, and it whips the shimmering black of her gown as mercilessly as it does the white-capped waves. But she heeds it not, nor knows, except that it brings the roses to her cheeks, the brightness to her eyes, and fills her heart with song and with thankfulness for the priceless youth that is here.

Under the same autumn sky, treading with measured steps the selfsame shaded,

wind-swept paths, is a khaki clad soldier man. Is it fate or chance, or just a clear, sharp eye that guides him past the lissome maid? But not far past! Cupid is there on the job!

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"I wish I knew him!" flashed upon the girl as she glimpsed the tall, straight form and clean-cut face.

"I wish I knew her!" flashed the same message on the man. Cupid was the mischievous operator on the wireless. And who knows, perhaps he flashed another message to the man and revealed the mystery of the girl's name, and the man said to the maid, "Oh, Miss So-and-So, how do you do? Don't you remember me? I met you at such-and-such a dance." And the little maid suddenly remembered.

Such are the mysteries of the wireless.  
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# A Statesman on His Knees

The International Sunday-School Lesson For November 18th is:  
"Nehemiah's Prayer Answered." Nehemiah 2:1-11.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

These are the times of widened vision, with the whole world coming daily under review by all of us, and the welfare of far-separated parts inextricably bound up with one another. It is easier now than it was five years ago to understand this patriot Nehemiah, who, in comfort and affluence and honor himself, yet wept soul-tears for his people and for the city of his fathers. Go to any Zionist meeting today—and there are plenty of them—and the Nehemiah spirit will be found still alive and active.

With all the woe that it has wrought upon the earth, this war has also brought many boons, not the least of them being a passion for large patriotism. Rich and poor, wise and illiterate, are vying with each other to do service for the nation in its hour of need. In all time there has never been such a lavish dedication of life to great ends as has been witnessed during the past three years. A few days ago I saw a Russian general, who was travelling on the same train as myself, and whom I had mentally appraised as a top and a martinet of the old regime, go weeping into his compartment, upon receipt of the news of the retreat of the Russian army. He would not eat or talk; his patriotism was so real and deep that it mastered all other emotions.

Petty purposes perish in a passion of patriotism. The Nehemiah spirit is exemplified in every part of the land and of the world. There is something sanctifying about true patriotism. It lifts men out of their littleness and selfishness, and makes them rejoice to do any sacrifice or service. Personal ambitions are given up, and good and profits and personal aggrandizement are forgotten. This in part explains the socializing influence of the present war, in Great Britain and elsewhere. Patriotism has lifted life up to a higher plane, even as it made a hero and a statesman out of the courtier Nehemiah.

## The Torch Lighted By God.

It was a God-lighted flame of patriotism that burned in Nehemiah's breast. The old Jews, as we see clearly from the Psalms, associated God and country in all their holiest thoughts and noblest aspirations. Nehemiah, like the psalmist, loved Jerusalem above his chief joy. Hearth-fires and altar-fires. It is a mission of religion—and one who is wandering in far lands wonders how the Church at home is living up to this imperative duty—to keep strong and vital the ties that unite love of country with loyalty to God. Back of all allegiance to land should pulse that living spirit of religion which made Nehemiah a great patriot. The most popular of modern poets has breathed this spirit of place loyalty into his poem about Sussex:

"God gives all men all earth to love.  
But, since our hearts are men"  
Ordains for each one spot shall prove  
Beloved over all.  
Each to his choice, but I rejoice,  
The lot has fallen to me  
In a fair land, a fair land,  
In Sussex by the sea."

No greater peril besets society today, with its intensified social conscience and its passion for humanity, than the so-called "internationalism," which professes to have no country save all the world. These "internationalists," who have not discerned how the particular is always essential to make the general effective, decry patriotism as something narrow and local and selfish. They cannot see that it is necessary to love the whole by means of loyalty to a part. The best thing anybody can do for the institution of the home in general, for example, is to make his own home happy and wholesome. The finest service any woman can render the cause of womanhood elsewhere is by living a sweet and beautiful and noble life herself. And we do most for the cause of democracy in China and Russia and even in Germany when we stand steady and strong for the ideals of democracy in our own beloved land.

There "internationalists," who do not understand what loyalty means, and who wrought such hurt in Russia, are usually of the same group who do not believe in marriage, for example, but in free love; nor in property rights, but in communism, in which everybody will get and nobody will give or sacrifice. In short, sentiment without sense, like love without loyalty, is capable of more harm than good. No "internationalist" was Nehemiah, but a passionate patriot, and God blessed him in it.

Some Things That Have Passed.  
In the background of this romantic oriental story we see the Persian monarch, a despot. All of Nehemiah's ambition was dependent, hu-

manly speaking, upon the will of a king. I am writing this Lesson while sailing down the Volga, whose waters flow to the shores of Nehemiah's Persia, whither I also am bound; and all about me I have been seeing, for weeks past, the tokens of what one man's power could do. It needed the fall of the czar and of the Russian autocracy to make clear what absolute power means. In the church as in the state, one weak man's word was supreme. Out of this grew the evils that now afflict Russia; but the present ferment is more to be desired than the apparent smoothness of the old order.

Jerusalem, the city for which Nehemiah prayed, stood for the opposite thing. It was the mother of democracies. The first real democracy was among the Jews. They will come to power once more in the Land of Promise, if at all, by the principle of democracy; that is, by the votes of the people of Palestine, after the Jews have settled in the Holy Land in sufficient numbers to give them control of the situation. It is unthinkable that the Syrians who have lived on the land for thousands of years, should be dispossessed, against their will, even to make way for Zionism. There is no Artaxerxes on earth today to accomplish by decree, as of old, the great desire of the Jews, which burns in so many myriad breasts.

## Soul-Photographs On Faces.

Sometimes I have wished to conduct a woman's column in a great newspaper, for the one and singular purpose of saying over and over again to young women, by all the diversity of forms that I could command, this fundamental truth, that the soul photographs itself upon the face. There is so cosmetic like beautiful and unselfish thoughts. As a woman thinketh in her heart, so is she on her face. If you are lovely within, God will set His angels to work at painting that loveliness in your eyes and on your lips and cheeks. This is an eternal law. Would that all of us might learn it before it is too late.

By that law, Nehemiah's spirit showed itself upon his features. If you pray hard, your face will show it. If you are petty and selfish and suspicious and mean, that, too, will show upon your face, as plainly as an automobile advertisement in a newspaper. Life's dominant desires cannot be hid. If I had to have the face of many a millionaire, along with his money, I would prefer to do without the money. Nehemiah's solicitude for Jerusalem was apparent to the king upon his throne. Thereby his prayer was answered.

Some of us have never wanted any thing in the world so greatly as Nehemiah wanted the restoration of Jerusalem. Such are to be pitied. They have merely wanted good times, the automobiles and summer trips and the gratification of whims; and so they have never really lived. When we want any great boon earnestly, then we think of it always in prayer fashion. Godward thoughts of their sons today, and sweethearts dream prayers of lovers, because of the dangers of battle and camp. No great soul can refrain from praying in time of lofty desire. All our best aspirations are inextricably bound up with thoughts of God. As we see sad-faced Nehemiah standing before the Persian monarch, we are admonished to let all our trouble be big ones, at least of Jerusalem size. Souls are made great by the size of their concerns. Love of country, solicitude for the welfare of others than self, sorrow and work in behalf of the poor, a burning zeal for justice—these, and their like, are the anxieties that exalt while yet they weigh down.

The Man Who Was Moody.  
Two great passions flowed together to make up the solicitude that wrote itself on the face of Nehemiah. One was filial piety. Jerusalem was the city of his fathers and of their graves. Our western world does not fully apprehend the length to which respect for parents goes in the East. Perhaps the interchange of ideals which this fluid time is effecting may help us in this respect. The other great desire of Nehemiah was patriotic. His love for his native land, like that of our own people at the present time, was an overmastering passion. So possessed was he by these ideals that the king read them on his face, and inquired the reason for the unwonted sadness.

That was a critical moment for Nehemiah. It is dangerous to attract the especial attention of despots. Men who serve kings are expected to smile. So Nehemiah, we are told, prayed. This was not the long, fine, formal prayer about which we studied last week. It was an ejaculatory prayer, such as perhaps a teacher of grammar could not parse. It shot straight out of the heart to heaven. As Moody used to say, it went to heaven so fast that the devil had no time to interfere with it. Peter prayed the same sort of prayer to Jesus when he was sinking in Galilee; there was no time for ornate petitions then. Zaccheus prayed the same fashion. As if such petitions are particularly popular with God, because of their clear sincerity, they are quickly answered. Blessings continue as they originate, by prayer. Perhaps that is what the apostle meant by the injunction to be instant in prayer.

## A Chance to Do the Hard Thing.

There were courtiers not a few about the Persian court who would have envied Nehemiah the opportunity which came when the king asked him what he desired. They wanted jobs for themselves, and for their wives' relatives. But Nehemiah sought only a hard thing for himself, and a great boon for his people. He reminds us of the college-bred lads who are eager to go into the aviation service. He wanted to go to Jerusalem, and investigate the plight of the city, and of the remnant who remained therein.

That was no small journey, as the British prisoners from Kuet el Amarfa, which is not far from the ancient Persian palace, can testify; as can I also. It meant giving up comfort and ease, and the meeting of obstacles and enemies. Old Xenophon led the Ten Thousand over part of the same route. Also it meant a large military escort, and materials for re-building. Verily, Nehemiah, you asked largely when you did ask. That is the way to go to a king. "Whoever goes to God for porridge should carry a large bowl," said old John Bunyan.

Letters for the journey were asked. It was on this very route covered by Nehemiah that I arrived one evening in the town of Severeck, to spend the night. I called on the governor with a letter from the Sublime Porte, and straightway they wanted to throw out of the best room in the inn a guest already established, because of the letter I bore. In the East the recipient of such a letter will sometimes touch it to his head, in token of loyalty and esteem. In the case of Nehemiah, the letters did the work, as he set out to Jerusalem. He was aided on the way, and succeeded in his mission. His prayer had been answered—by way of his own interest and endeavor. How God delights to answer our prayers on our own feet!

## Misunderstandings.

"With such a peculiar language, it must be difficult for the Chinese to understand one another."  
"Judging from their numerous revolutions, they occasionally don't!"—Washington Star.

## To a Penny.

"If I could just get somebody to invest \$1,000 in a scheme of mine, I could make some money."  
"How much could you make?"  
"\$1,000."

# What Great Men Might Have Been

Sir Douglas Haig, as a boy in Fife-shire, yearned to rine life of a farmer. Sir Edward Carson wanted to be an architect.

Lord Curzon might be wearing the bays of England's poet-laureate.

Sir J. Forbes-Robertson asked nothing better of life than to be a house painter.

Mr. Martin Harvey says that his boyhood's dream was "trott ttttttt to boyhood's dream was "to go to Italy for two years and write poetry."

Sir W. Robertson had made up his mind fifty years ago that there was no life like that of a postman.

Sir J. M. Barrie, as a Kilmuir schoolboy, had one absorbing ambition—to be a "meenister"—"stickit," or otherwise.

Sir Henry Jackson has confessed that, as a boy, he asked nothing better of life than to spend it behind the counter of a chemist's shop.

Mr. Lloyd George, had he followed his first impulse, would today have been one of our greatest pulpit orators, instead of the world's most prominent statesman.

When Lord Roseberry was wearing an Eton jacket he made a wager of a sovereign with a schoolfellow that, before he died he would win the Derby, marry an heiress, and be England's Prime Minister—all ambitions which he lived to realize.

When Mr. Balfour was a small boy at Eton, he has confessed the very last thing he wished to become was a politician. "So far as I can recall," he says, "I oscillated between two equally alluring ambitions—to be a golf champion or the conductor of orchestras."

# A Retired Admiral

Recently placed on the retired list at his own request, in order to facilitate the promotion of junior officers, Admiral Sir Robert S. Lowry, K.C.B., who is 63 years of age, entered the navy at the age of 13, and served on the Serapis on the occasion of King Edward's visit to India 10 years ago.

It was under his guidance that Rosyth became the best equipped naval port in the world. Admiral Lowry is known to his friends as a very religious man, and on the Sunday morning when Admiral Beatty chased the German squadron in the North Sea he sent a message to Edinburgh's Lord Provost, asking that prayers should be offered up in the churches; some thought the fleet was in peril, but reassuring messages soon came to hand.

Sir Robert is said to have been in the habit of reading the burial service over those spots where his patrols had accounted for a U-boat.

## SEVEN SENTENCE SERMONS

No one can clearly see his rights who is blind to his duties.—Omm.

They can, because they believe they can.—Virgil.

How oft the sight of means to do ill makes ill deeds done.—Shakespeare.

Never be discouraged because good things get on so slowly here; enter into the sublime patience of the Lord.—George MacDonald.

Trouble is the one thing for which only borrower can get unlimited credit.—Youth's Companion.

I dare not ask; I know not what is best; God hath already said what shall betide.—Longfellow.

We can help make people bright by our keenness, but we can never accomplish anything toward making people good except by our tenderness.—Parkhurst.

## Not Many Possessions

They were new neighbors and Virginia Lou, aged five, put her wits to work to find out about them. She accordingly appeared in the yard of the neighbor accompanied by her three-year-old sister.

"Where do you live?" she asked.

"Right here," explained the neighbor.

"Well, you didn't use to live here."

"No."

"Well, do you have a grandfather?"

"No."

"Or a grandmudder?"

"No."

"Or a fadder?"

"No."

"Well, what do you got?"

## A Problem.

A city girl was taking a course in an agricultural college. After a lecture on how to increase the milk flow, she rose for a question.

"How long," she blushing inquired, "must one beat a cow before she will give whipped cream?"—Exchange.



# THE IDEAL PASSING :: OF A SAINT ::

FEW there be, if any, who would deny the right of the late Rev. Dr. B. D. Thomas, formerly pastor of Jarvis street Baptist church, Toronto, to the title "saint," though he himself would have been the last to claim it. He was one of God's noblemen—a generous, big-hearted, whole-souled man, loved by everyone with whom he came in contact. And the ending of his life was as perfect as could be imagined. Honored for the second time by the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec with the presidency of the Annual Convention, he presided at that gathering in Woodstock with his customary graciousness and tact. His address was apostolic in its content and spirit. Leaving Woodstock he came to Toronto last Saturday week, and on Sunday morning attended service in the Jarvis street church where he had ministered so faithfully for 21 years, and at the close of worship pronounced the benediction. In the evening he went to the Roncesvalles Avenue Baptist church to hear his son, Rev. L. H. Thomas, preach. On the Monday, he had all his relatives in Toronto lunch with him downtown, and in the afternoon went home to Grimsby with his wife. He did not feel well enough to rise on Tuesday morning, and early Thursday morning he died. In less than a week he had said farewell to the whole Baptist denomination, to his old congregation, and to his family. It was an ideal home going.



TO DIVERT at any time a troublesome fancy run to thy books. They presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness.

—Faller.

# Gossip of Books of the Day

## Memoirs of Experiences Of Dr. Russell H. Conwell

Some interesting memoirs of the experiences of Dr. Russell H. Conwell, of Philadelphia, are to hand this week.

Many years ago, when he was a reporter in New York Dr. Conwell was sent by Horace Greeley to interview Ralph Waldo Emerson for the New York Tribune. He was pleasantly received by Mr. Emerson in his home in Concord, surrounded by his family, and was furnished much material. In the course of the conversation, he asked Mr. Emerson what he laughed at. In all the writing of the Concord philosopher there is not a joke nor even a trace of humor.

Mr. Emerson replied that he never laughed.

**Laughed Sometimes**  
"Oh, yes, you do, father," cried the family. "We hear you laughing in the garden."

"Well," said Mr. Emerson, "I do sometimes laugh at something I read when a boy, but it is foolish and not worth putting in a paper."

Mr. Conwell said that was just what he wanted.

Mr. Emerson then told about an agitated young man who wrote two letters, one to his washerwoman and one to his lady love. He mixed them up, and the latter was very much astonished to receive this letter:

"If you muss up the bosom of my best shirt again I will have nothing further to do with you."

Then Mr. Conwell told Mr. Emerson what Mr. Beecher laughed at when he went to interview him. Mr. Beecher said when he was out west a man went to the house of a friend of his in the night and called him up. The friend stuck his head out of the window and asked what was wanted. The man outside said:

"My brother has been arrested for drinking, and I want you to come and bail him out."

"Me bail him out!" said the man in the window. "I should think you had better get a pump."

**Resurrection of Ward's Jokes**

Mr. Conwell was brought into contact with Charles F. Browne, who is better known as Artemus Ward, his public and pen name. He was the true, original American humorist, and introduced that style of exaggeration which is the most prominent feature of American humor. It was he who said that his wife's feet were so long that her toes came around the corner five minutes before she appeared herself. Many of his jokes are now appearing as new and original; as of the little girl in New Jersey whose mother told her to go to bed and to sleep and the angels would hover over her bed and guard her with their wings.

"Yes," said the little maid, "they did last night, and they bit me, too."

While Mr. Conwell was sitting with Mr. Longfellow on the piazza of his house he noticed many people coming into the yard, going round into the garden, and many picked flowers or

other objects to take away as mementoes. One man coolly tore off part of the paling of the fence and carried it off. Mr. Conwell asked the poet if this did not annoy him. Mr. Longfellow good-naturedly replied that no doubt they meant well. But he said, sometimes he felt like his father, who was called into court to testify as to the character of a neighbor. He was asked how near the neighbor lived to him.

"Well," he said, "so near that he has not bought any wood for four years."

**Phillips Swung on Gate**  
During part of his residence in Greater Boston Mr. Conwell lived in Newton Centre, and studied at the Newton Theological Institution, and was also pastor of the Baptist church in Lexington. Wendell Phillips was a neighbor at one time. And Mr. Conwell's family were much disturbed at a fault Mr. Phillips had of swinging on his gate on Sunday mornings. They urged Mr. Conwell to speak to Mr. Phillips about it. He was reluctant to do so; but finally one Sunday morn-

ing when he was about to start for Lexington he saw Mr. Phillips indulging in his favorite diversion, and stopped and asked:

"Mr. Phillips, my family wanted me to ask you why you swing on the gate on Sunday morning?"

The eloquent tribune of the people gravely began to say in his deep rich voice:

"I am asked to discourse on the subject, 'Why do I swing on the gate on Sunday morning?' I will divide the discourse into three heads. First,"

Then with a twinkle in his eye, he suddenly changed from gay to grave, and said: "I will tell you. When I first saw my wife she was swinging on a gate on Sunday morning. The next time I saw her she was swinging on one side of the gate and I was swinging on the other. The next time I saw her we were swinging on the same side of the gate, all on a Sunday morning."

Mr. Phillips' love and devoted care for his invalid wife was well known. She used to say that he was her husband, her mother, her brother, her sister, her friend, and if there was anything else that was dear he was it. Then Mr. Phillips, pointing to the inside of the gate, said to Mr. Conwell:

"All inside the gate is Paradise; all outside the gate is Purgatory." Mr. Phillips' home life, like that of Longfellow and Browning, was ideally happy.

## CRISP Reviews of New Books Wide Range of Subjects Treated

A distinctly war book by R. W. Campbell, whose book "Private Spud-Tamson" entertained many, is fresh from the presses of the Munson Book Co., Toronto, in "Donald and Heien" (\$1.50 net). The book is described as a "Novel of life in the old army."

The story sets forth in no uncertain manner the leveling effect which the present war has had upon British society. The son of a merchant (in pre-war days socially a very common person) falls in love with the daughter of a thousand chiefs, and he finally wins her. The usual opposition by both the girl and her mother, which in other times doubtless would have swayed the scales against the hero, is manifest, but amid the red glory of war it vanishes, for Loomie rises high in the army through sheer audacity, and when the wedding bells sound he is a brigadier-general.

To a newspaper critic it is very plain that the author has had no experience as a writer for the press. In the book there are several purported extracts from the daily papers. They are written in outrageous newspaper style, yet the casual reader need fear no jangled nerves, for he doubtless would not notice it—and the excerpts are interesting. What would strike a North American journalist as being particularly funny is the alleged heading from the New York "Times," which runs: "Nancy Darem Weds a Nob." Never in the history of little old New York has the word "Nob" been used in a newspaper heading. But let it pass—it is a minor detail.

A chapter that will particularly tickle soldiers is the one sub-headed, "A Deal With Americans." In it is recounted how an incorrigible member of Loomie's regiment, a Highland battalion stationed in Edinburgh, gets a souvenir hunting American in tow and sells him one of the castle's sentry boxes. The soldier gets the money but when the American calls with a dray to take away the box he is put under arrest by the guard. However, his explanation and the production of the receipt for the money bring about his release.

The admiration of the author for the first British expeditionary force is boundless. He calls them "gentlemen led by gentlemen," and his descriptions of some of the stands they made on the famous retreat are worth reading.

Arsene Lupin is almost as well known as his creator, Maurice LeBlanc, so it will be pleasant news for those who have formed a fondness for the company of the distinguished detective to hear that he has made a "return" to the printed page in "The Golden Triangle" (The Macaulay Co., New York, \$1.35 net).

LeBlanc, the author of "Confessions of Arsene Lupin," "The Woman of Mystery," etc., not to mention stories of his which have appeared in leading American periodicals, has been writing detective stories for years, and he has found a large following.

"The Golden Triangle" is a distinctly war product, for the hero, Captain Belval, is one of those who helped hold the first mad rushes of the Boche and was incapacitated for further service. He walks around on the stump of a leg feeling little the worse for his injury. The adventure begins early, the heroine being a little lady who is altogether charming, a volunteer nurse in one of the military hospitals. She is endangered, and Captain Belval goes to her rescue, being aided by an assortment of more or less crippled comrades who have also given of their blood and limbs for their country.

Though the principal characters are soldiers, the book is far from being what one would call a war novel, for it has nothing to do with the front lines, dealing only with that great mysterious land back of the front.

The plot carries on through intrigue, villainy and cupidity until things are apparently hopelessly involved. Then Lupin comes upon the scene to untangle the skein, and he does it in the masterly manner of old.

Katherine Hale is well known in Canada, for she has been writing for years. She is a Toronto woman and those who are from the Queen City no doubt have heard of her. The reason for this introduction is that there is to hand a small volume of verse from her pen, "The New Joan and Other Poems" (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto).

What the volume lacks in quantity is made up in quality, for the verses are charming. They are described as chiefly songs of women's work, including a Christmas song for soldiers. Space permits the reproduction of but one—and that short. It is:

### THE MOTHER

My son sails high  
His ocean, azure air;  
He is the shining sky—  
And swift Death everywhere.

His ardent youth  
Explores a strange new sea  
As if even Death, forsooth,  
Were rare good company.

And my dear heart,  
Each moment that you fly  
Is a dull eon apart  
In my soul's agony.

This autumn wind  
Treachorous, hungry—chill,  
Those laughing wings may find  
And rend, and still.

The earth-force, strong,  
Ready to lure your bark,  
May hum a homing-song  
And draw you to the dark.

O golden Fire,  
Whose curse is never run,  
Outshine all dark desire  
And keep my son.

One possible way of ending the war

## Vivid Pictures Of Miss Ontario

"Miss Ontario is neither self-conscious nor conceited," writes C. H. J. Snider in The Canadian Magazine, describing his experiences as a hired man on an Ontario farm. "She laughed at my confession of amazement at my first sight of her, and her mother explained that the year before, when her daughter's overalls made their first appearance, everybody pretended to be against them, but now they were being adopted by many of the girls on the farm."

"It isn't for their looks," Miss Ontario explained, "for goodness knows they are ugly enough, but you cannot really get on and off the binder-seat with skirts and keep the hem out of the machinery."

And this seventeen-year-old slip of the good Canadian maple tree, who had cut half a hundred acres of grain in the last fortnight, was ten months in the year a smart-frocked high school girl, rising at 6 o'clock in the morning to catch a train for the city, and returning to her lilac-sheltered homestead, school books in hand, around 10 o'clock at night. She had worked at the mowing and she was going to work in the mow when hauling-in began. She could talk as well about Charlie Chaplin, the First Hundred Thousand or the antics of a tin Lizzie as she could about the price of binder-wine or how to cut a field of rain-beaten oats. She believed hats and shoes and gloves were the essentials of costume, and would rather have things simple and plain and very, very good than shiny and cheap. And so on. All of which, or most of which, I learned, not in conversation with her, but with her mother, or from the conversation which raced between them while the telephone claimed Mr. Ontario's attention.

## Valuable Book Of Refere

There has recently been an informing hand-book entitled "Political Appointments, Parliaments and the Judicial Bench in the Dominion of Canada, 1896 to 1917," being a continuation, up to the 30th of June, 1917, of the first volume published in 1896, which covered the period from the 1st of July, 1867, to the 31st of December, 1895; the two volumes forming a complete record for the first half century of the Canadian Confederation, 167 to 1917. The author is N. Omer Cote, I.S.O., of the Department of the Interior, Canada.

The author of this work is a son of the late J. O. Cote, in his lifetime clerk of the privy council for Canada, who published in 1896 a similar work covering the union period of the Province of Canada, from 1841 to 1866, and a son-in-law of the late Mr. Justice Girard, of the Supreme Court of Canada.

is set forth in a little volume just received from Milan, Italy, entitled "Let Us Kill the War." The writer, Nino Salvaneschi, is well known in Italy, though his renown has not extended to English-speaking countries. He has written a number of volumes upon war subjects, probably the most important of which was the career of Luigi Cadorna, who is in command of the Italian army.

Mr. Salvaneschi declares that the war is going to be won by the side which establishes an overwhelming superiority in airplanes and which carries the war over and beyond the enemy's lines. Aircraft should be used, he says, for the destruction of the enemy's munition factories, gun making establishments and for cutting his communications. It is obvious, he argues, that what is capable of cutting off the enemy would be unable to continue the conflict.

The type of airplane needed is one of the heavy bomb-carrying variety. The raids which have been made over Pola, Trieste, Fiume, Ljubljana, Idria, etc., by the Italian Caproni planes, have already demonstrated that these machines are the ones to be used to bring about a decisive result, says the writer. The Caproni machine is not unknown in America, as one was recently brought over to the United States, where it performed some remarkable flights, carrying a number of passengers.

Salvaneschi contends that by wrecking the enemy's establishments through the use of such vehicles of destruction, Germany's militarism can be killed and the war ended.

The book is published by Bianco Nero, Milan, Italy.

## Two Latest Books

GOD, THE INVISIBLE KING,  
By H. G. Wells

\$1.25

CHANGING WINDS, By Ervine

\$1.60

The Douglas Co. Ltd.

10032 Jasper.

## What Sort of Book

Interests You?

It doesn't matter much  
for you'll find it here.

Dillers' Book Store

10124 Jasper.



# A PAGE ABOUT MUSIC and MUSICIANS

## Are School Children Trained Properly In Musical Work?

It seems that last year after Melba's return to Australia from this country, she made some statements on the musical stagnation of Melbourne that set some people thinking. These remarks made certain interested parties determine to study the musical situation in order to get at the root of the trouble. "While this sifting has been in progress," says the Australian Musical News, "the question has arisen as to whether the school children of the country are being trained correctly from a musical standpoint. That they receive certain tuition has been well known; but whether this is the best tuition possible remains to be seen. The people who go into this matter thoroughly are at a loss to understand why these children are not heard in public more frequently, why they are not used to aid in the musical education of the general public, and why they are not realizing that they are the material from which the different musical societies and choirs of the future are to be built up."

While this question is receiving the attention of our Australian friends, a Mr. Stetson Humphrey has been writing a series of articles in the United States on the musical training of children, especially the teaching of singing to school children.

After studying the work done in more than seventy schools, this gentleman came to the conclusion that only a fractional proportion were teaching any fundamentals whatsoever of voice production. As a result of his investigations, he considers that nothing of practical value is given to the child, either in simplified tone production or breath control. Whilst realizing the impossibility of expecting grade teachers to be voice specialists, Mr. Humphrey insists "that they could impart a few elementary principles, which not only would be applicable to study, but would develop better tone qualities, pronunciation and enunciation in the English speech."

Another thing which comes in for a share of criticism from Mr. Humphrey is the lack of rhythmic sense in the school music. "Children," he says, "are taught to count, rather than to feel the pulse and swing which should be the source of stimulation for the counting."

Against the use of the old Italian system of do, re, mi, etc., instead of the correct staff names of the notes, Mr. Humphrey wages war. He says: "This method brings the result that the written note on the staff bears no mental relation whatsoever to the syllable sang, and the note on the piano keyboard. If from the beginning the child learns the C below the staff always sounds the same and never any other sound, the brain accepts these sounds, becomes acquainted with them, and in due time recognizes the sounded note when the eye appreciates the printed note on the page."

## Get Away From Prejudice

Every school boy knows that you can hold a five cent piece so close to the eye that you cannot see the sun. Prejudice often shuts out the truth. Everyone is familiar with the type of person who is rag-crazy, who "simply cannot stand this classical stuff." You know, too, the style of super-musician who stands a'loof and who cannot and will not tolerate what he is pleased to term the trash.

Both are quite wrong. Music is bigger than any one kind of music. It is a genuine and natural source of delight. Someone once described music as the chief recreation for tired humanity. At any rate it was intended not for a selected class but for everyone. So, to promote more music, to give tired humanity more recreation there is no place for scoffing sectionalism.

In the scheme of things musical there is room for the overalls, the dress-suit and all the intermediate types. The catchy fox-trot is not going to prove the means of natural expression for the same mood as a waltz, polka, or vice versa. The rousing military march, the aria from grand opera, and the simple old hymn will not all appeal to a man at the same minute. Destroy the variety in music and its chief function dies.

## Professional Party For Eugene Ysaie

It was a professional party that Madame Hambourg gave in Toronto a few days ago, but all the professional-a's gathered to meet her guest, Eugene Ysaie, had laid aside the garb in which the public knows them, and, like the great virtuoso himself, were thoroughly at ease and happy in the congenial atmosphere.

Early comers found the maestro in the sun room, smoking an after-luncheon pipe, and giving a very faithful and irresistibly funny imitation of the breaking of the "G" string at his concert the night before. Madame Hambourg had received in the hallway, introducing people to Madame Boshko, the pretty young mother of Miss Victoria Boshko, Ysaie's accompanist, and looking at her raven hair and sparkling eyes it was hard to believe that this Russian woman is the mother of four grown-up children, one of the sons being married. She is full of the interests which absorb her sculptor-husband and her children, and is as proud of the fact that her daughter, Victoria, is an artist in colors as that she is enough of an artist in music to win the honor of playing with Ysaie. Indeed, those who are in touch with the gossip of musical circles say that the master had not attempted the Kreutzer Sonata since the death of Pugnani till he happened to head Miss Boshko play, and induced her to become his accompanist.

After about half an hour had slipped by in conversation, M. Vignetti, Mr. Boris Hambourg, and Mr. Austin Conradi played two trios the Master ensconcing himself comfortably in a big chair, and rewarding the young artists not only with many "Bravos!" but with the grateful praise that their playing was "from the heart." Later on he moved about from group to group, coming back once from the dining-room, wearing a woeful countenance, and exclaiming in French that the ladies had been there before him, and there was nothing left for a poor man to eat.

Before the party broke up, Vera Barstow lured the Master to the steps and took a number of snap shots, and then with a warm farewell to everyone, he was whirled away for a motor run, and those who were left behind turned to express very real thanks to Madame Hambourg for the pleasure she had given them.—Toronto Globe.

## McCormack's Songs Sell Liberty Bonds

John McCormack sold over \$300,000 worth of Liberty Bonds at the James McCreery store during a period of a little over three hours. He agreed to autograph one of his phonograph records for every purchaser of a \$100 bond and he also promised to sing any song that the purchaser of a \$10,000 bond desired.

In all Mr. McCormack autographed more than 400 records and sang such favorites as "Mother Machree," "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "I Hear You Calling Me," and many others. He opened the sale with a purchase of \$50,000 worth of bonds for himself.

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## Music Expels Worry

War is a grim teacher. One thing it teaches both soldier and civilian is discipline. The one must obey orders; the other must curb and alter his mode of living and thinking to square with the peculiar conditions he is called upon to face.

Gladstone said music is one of the most forcible instruments for training, for arousing, for governing the mind and spirit of man. It is so—and it cannot be refuted—music should be used in the home to train and govern the mind and spirit. A successful teacher does not keep children out of mischief by continually saying "Don't do this," and "Don't do that." He fills the children's minds with thoughts about the subject being studied that appeal to their interest, and the mind, so pre-occupied, has no time for mischief-making.

Are you tempted to worry during the evening at home about your work down town? Then relief will not come by attempting to train your mind by saying: "I will quit worrying." Fill your hours with gladness music. Sit down at the piano, or take your fiddle, or get out a talking machine record or a player roll of "Barcarole" from Tales of Hoffman, and as you proceed with the music there opens up a scene of the canals in Venice viewed from a palace window. Si very moonlight tinges the whole scene and "lovers sing to the rhythm of the rocking gondola."

Then worry goes from the mind, because the charm of music enters. That is only one way, but a very practical way of making music govern the mind.

## Good Place To Stop

You have perhaps attended a musical program at which a soloist was to appear on both parts, one and two. After a most acceptable rendering of the number on the first part, she yielded to the request for an encore, and perhaps pleased her audience by finally re-appearing for a second encore. For some reason or other when she came on the platform in part two, the greeting was just a little less enthusiastic, and the indifferent applause did not signify any insistent demand for an encore this time. The audience had had enough.

Tactful performers do not give the public all they want. They know when an audience is hot for more is a good time to stop. The same is true in another way. While lovers of music will recall notable exceptions to the rule, they will probably agree with this comment that the composer who writes a sequel to a popularly approved song does it at his own peril. Sequels are dangerous. They often miss fire. Why? Because, as a rule, they are made and not born. A composer gives to the world a song that leaps straightway into popularity. In order to keep the world's smile a second is offered. Generally speaking, the sequel is but a concoction, not a spontaneous effort.

### But a Thorn in the Hand

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."  
"Trouble is to make the bird believe it."

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## NOTES On and Off the Line

Mention in the New York press of a recital given recently by Miss Eunice Prosser, a promising young violinist from the west will be of interest to British Columbia readers, especially to many old-timers, in that Miss Prosser who received her initial musical training in Tacoma, and whose citizens naturally look upon her as their protégée, is really a British Columbia product, having been born in Victoria about 20 years ago. — is a granddaughter of the late Rev. Robert Jamieson, the pioneer Presbyterian minister on the mainland of British Columbia.

Miss Prosser, who was en route to Germany to pursue her musical studies when the war broke out, has since continued them in New York and the press notices of her debut describe her as a coming artist of exceptional promise.

Miss Prosser gave a recital in Edmonton a year ago under the auspices of the Women's Musical Club.

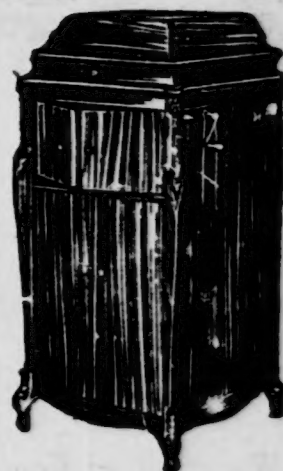
To Charles K. Harr's mother song, "Break the News to Mother," was accorded the honor of first prize at Prosser's Fifth Avenue theatre, in New York, recently over all the soldier songs entered that night. The song was accorded a most remarkable reception. The audience applauded five minutes. Last week, in this city alone, the following artists were featured: Belle Baker, Nonette, Lydia Barry, Fox and Mayo, George Reeves, Ad Hoyt's Minstrels, Marie Dreams, Shrapnel, Dodgers, Beaty and Turpott, the Two French Boys, and Van and Schenck.

Haroldo Bauer, the pianist, has a very optimistic opinion of the growing good taste and discrimination of American audiences. In a recent interview, given to Musical America, he says:

"I like to know the tastes of an audience, and while I would not change my program in a large city, I might for a smaller town. I often inquire what numbers they especially want to hear; and I am frequently surprised at the excellent musical taste and eagerness to learn of the best music which is found in small places. Sometimes they write: 'Please don't play Beethoven's "Appassionata"; we had that two years ago; give us another sonata.' This may appear somewhat absurd at first thought; as though one could hear the 'Appassionata' too often! On second thought one appreciates their standpoint. They found this sonata so beautiful that they want to hear another."

Mons. Maurice Le Plat, formerly of the Paris Conservatoire, has assumed the direction of a string quartette, which has been organized for the purpose of presenting chamber music of artistic merit to the music-loving citizens.

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